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THE NEUTRAL PRESS.

Nil admirari was the saying of a civilization ripening to decay. It is the motto of our day.

Not to admire, Numicius, is the best,
The only way to make and keep men blest.

Let us ask ourselves what were the surroundings of Horace when he wrote this famous line; what he meant by it. How does it correspond with the utterances of the so-called "independent," in reality, "neutral," press? With the revolting cynicism which is its motive; which makes all evil a little good, and all good a little evil; which panders to the lowest envy and most bigoted conceit of the mob by ignoring or deriding all high and noble principles, and which oscillates like a reed with each puff of the popular breeze; its highest ambition to be a well-oiled weathercock.

When Horace wrote his sixth epistle, beginning with this miserable, despairing invocation of a slave to the Goddess of Apathy, the Empire had succeeded the Republic. Civil liberty was dead. Stagnation ruled Rome. Nothing was left to the most ardent mind but to feed well—to be a connoisseur in Massic wines, Circassian boars, or British sturgeon. Or to have slave girls dance for him.

Or to accumulate gold. Aspiration was a crime against the emperor. To lift one's head above the crowd of sensualists was to be proscribed. What wonder if, under these circumstances, the Venusian who had fled from Philippi to turn courtier at Rome, but whose soul was uneasy under its servitude, consoled himself for his apostasy by formulating a doctrine which declared nothing human worthy of effort. Philosophy such as that was the best tool the enemy could have. And thus Horace played his game for Augustus.

Where does such a spirit end? In universal deterioration. It would draw a parallel between Christ and Barabbas and let the mob choose. This was the very spirit of Pilate. It is the gospel of the independent or neutral press. "Independent," that is, slave, pander, valet of the lowest, least intelligent, but most numerous class. It loves to sink.

Now let us inquire what influence this so-called independent or neutral policy, which professes to hold a balance between all religions and all parties, but which sets out with the fallacy that good and evil are homogeneous quantities, and can be measured by the same pair of scales.

Let us inquire what influence it exercises

- On religion ;
- On morals ;
- On politics ;
- On national intelligence.

Nil admirari is a splendid gospel for a puppy or a cynic. What is a puppy? We know him. He carries a glass stuck in his eye, and says "Haw." He is immature, like all whelps, cubs, calves. We pass him by. What is a cynic? A disappointed man. A fox looking at the grapes out of his reach. A broken creature who once loved the ideal, but missing his share of it, found all the rest turn sour. A lymphatic wretch with a weak backbone, who has not more than one jump in him, and failing that, grovels forever after.

Now, strange to say, the puppies and the cynics helped by the materialists—madmen who delight to make themselves mad—have given the tone to a large part of current thought in literature, politics, and morals. They are everywhere neutral, except where they show their teeth at the Holy Father, at pilgrimages, shrines, miracles, submission, obedience, the Catholic Church. When the spear of truth, like Ithuriel's, touches them, the loathsome earth-creepers spring up into the threatening form of the demon. They are "neutral" no longer. They gnash their teeth, and would rend God's Vicar to pieces. To dethrone God is their ambition. They boast of it.

Let us examine, then, a little more minutely, this philosophy of the *nil admirari*. It is born of boredom, and dies of a sneer. It conceals a hatred of all that is lofty. It is different, far different, from that *equanimitatem*, which, in another and finer passage, Horace advises us to maintain; and by the aid of which we may face disaster without dismay. In those things which are indifferent in themselves *nil admirari* may be permissible; but the neutral or "in-

dependent" spirit is barren, and produces nothing but abortions. In 1775-76 the "independent" or neutral press would have had something favorable to say of General Gage's proclamation, and something commendable in turn of John Hancock's address to the General Court of Massachusetts. It is such lukewarmness that the Scriptures tell us God vomits out of his mouth. It is such "independence" that a people struggling for life and liberty dashes out of its path. As we ascend higher the need of firm belief becomes stronger. *Nil admirari* is out of place at the foot of the cross.

This spirit, then, of indifference, of neutrality between good and evil, which is now so widespread, is essentially pagan in its origin and its motive. It springs from an absence of all belief. It did spring from the decay of the monstrous polytheism of the Greek and Roman mythology; a decay contemporary with the loss of liberty. It took root among the philosophers who penetrated the rottenness of the old system, but knew not Him who was born at Bethlehem. It is in vogue now from the decay of Protestantism in Europe and America. Reason, proud, inquisitive, scornful, has cast off the trumpery of the Reformation, so-called; but as it was two thousand years ago, so it is to-day. *Insanicus sapientia*, it wanders without a guide. It cannot humble itself to the lowly teachings of the true Church. There is a universal revolt against authority; the horizon is black with clouds; the waves dash tumultuously together in a void and angry ocean; the bark of St. Peter, like the ark of old, alone rides safely in the tempest.

This widespread indifferentism or neutrality—the names cover the same monster—finds its chief support in that portion of the daily press, which calls itself "independent." Its opinions are a quicksand. It leaves those whose minds, whose beliefs, it debauches by its influence without

rudder or pilot. It makes the fickle and unstable multitude more unstable. It confounds good with evil. It drugs the public conscience, and is ready to whitewash the devil.

The neutral press has grown up with, and is the efflorescence of a public school system which exorcises God from the infant intelligence, but presents its pupils as a prize John Stuart Mill's Autobiography, which spits at him as a demon. What is the *motif* (as composers say) of the common school system? Is it to adore God better, the creator, the father, the judge of all, to praise him in his works? Is it to ennoble, to illumine, to raise and support the public conscience? Is it culture—to make us less selfish—more refined? Inquire closely! It is to enable the educated to have the advantage over the uneducated, to be able to overreach them. This is the motive the father sets before the son, the teacher before the pupil. It is to get ahead in the race for wealth. To be "smarter" than one's fellows. It is the nineteenth century apotheosis of selfishness. Does it inculcate humility, or any Christian virtue? None; on the contrary, does it not begin by grounding every youngster in the belief that he may be President of the United States? Does not the man grow up with the notion that luck has deprived him of his share? He has a contempt of authority mingled in his blood from his birth. Somebody has usurped his place. Luck! Yes, there is a God. Blind fatality, which may or may not give him his right; but of his deserts there is no question in his own mind. You say this is democracy; yes, but that is not Christian democracy, which dethrones God, the disposer, and elevates self to his kingdom.

Out of this universal egotism, therefore, springs the neutral press. It is born of its monstrous growth, and feeds on its own entrails. The neutral press has its root in that im-

measurable self-conceit which is the bane of the American character. Place two religions, two opposing principles, two men representing them before the American citizen, and thereupon he constitutes himself judge. Having (his master and himself) quietly set aside God in his schoolboy days, he is now omnipotent, omniscient. He ignores the idea that there may be principles involved before which, and in the presence of which, he is a puny insect, and which will endure when he and this Republic shall have passed away. He measures everything with his own pair of pocket compasses. He sees a blot on this side, a flaw on that. But he is above all. This is the taste the neutral press panders to and exaggerates. It asks cynically, "What is truth?" It has no central body of principle to which it clings. On the contrary, it cuts itself loose from all anchorage and sails vainly along, careless of the frowning rocks on either side, oblivious of the impending storm which may, at any moment, descend and make shipwreck of its frail timbers.

We have said that the neutral press is essentially pagan, in its cutting loose from all belief; that is, the paganism of the philosophers, not of the villagers. It laughs derisively at any creed. Take, for instance, any Monday morning's New York *Herald*. The *Herald* is a chief example, a chief sinner, of the "independent" or neutral press. Our sporting contemporary has decided ideas on polo. It knows what is orthodox about a pony. It scoffs at a difference of opinion on the true water-line of a yacht, and will undertake to lay down rigid rules for a prize fight. Nay, we are confident it has a body of principles not yet promulgated on the correct mode of horsewhipping and the laws of the duello. Touch these! Ho, bell and candle! You are excommunicated, Here is enough to make a Caliban laugh, a cynic weep.

But take Monday morning's *Herald* we say. Here you have six preachers on one page,—Mohammedan, Hebrew, Rationalist, Catholic, Socialist, Protestant, Parsee. Did it stop there, as a purveyor of news, we had nothing to say. But does it stop there? Far from it. Here is an editorial column of gibberish, that is, confusion of words without ideas, in which the Koran, the Talmud, and the Bible, the Rights of Man, the Pope, Huxley's "Unknown," and the Sun-God, all come in for an impartial share of laudation. This is to be "independent!" This, we say, is to abnegate the good gift of reason in the name of humanity, and write one's self down infidel or idiot, or both.

Horace laughed at the wooden gods about him, and had his joke about Jove and Europa; the *Herald* philosopher, smacking his lips in irony of the poor dupes around him, spatters them all with unctuous sympathy. This is to be a god, indeed, —to patronize the Deity. That is the mission of the *Herald*, of the neutral press.

To what shore does this neutrality lead us? What Babel is this the neutral press and its ally, the neutral or liberal preacher, would ask us to join? Is there no choice? Then God is non-existent, religion useless, morality a farce, society a tyranny, property a robbery. Let us sell the *Herald* building, then, and divide the proceeds among the mob. "Your steam yacht!" "Mine, too," replies the neutral river thief. "Your four-in-hand!" "Mine," says the *liberal* highwayman. "Your coat!" "Mine! by as much right," says the "independent" bully.

What are the logical conclusions, therefore, to which the neutral press leads us in respect of religion and morals? No God, no law, no honesty!

How is it about politics? What is its influence there? It cries out "I am for no party; I am for the

people!" What is this voice? It is the cunning, selfish, rapacious, yelping, inarticulate, bestial cry proceeding from the lowest depths of human nature, allied to the brute, making the neutral press its mouth-piece; and truly interpreted means: "Away with principle; give us plunder." Am I rich: "Save my money-bags." Am I poor: "Give me work to do that I may eat and drink." It is a loathsome political creed. It is the democratic counterpart of the imperial "*panem et circenses*" which made "bread and the circus" the one need of the people. This the goal towards which the neutral press, with its pandering to selfish profit, its ignoring of high aims, is leading the American populace. And it finds a ready disciple in the pupil of the common school. The indifferentism to which he has been bred up, the devouring egotism, the entire substitution of the most vulgar material aims for everything the senses cannot touch, have left the average American citizen an easy prey to the voice that appeals to his selfishness. But he is "smart!" He cannot be overreached. It is not true. His smartness is on the same low level, and equally shortsighted.

In Europe politics are carried on on such sharply defined lines, the idea is so predominant, that neutrality is almost unknown on the field, and would be despicable. What has been accomplished in the world's history from the Crusades down, that has not sprung from the "idea" rising superior to the grovelling considerations of our purely material or sensual natures? It is only in the field of religion that the neutral or liberal press thrives in Europe. And there most appropriately, according to its nature. For to reduce religion or the creed binding men's souls together and them to heaven, to a mere negation, that is the true mission of the neutral press. Except where the Pope of Rome intervenes.

There and then neutrality disappears in the neutral journalists and telegraphists. It is surprising, indeed, how complete the control the anti-Catholic spirit has obtained of the telegraph—cable and home telegraph both. Hatred the most intense flares out of it. Lies the most infamous defile it. Is there a radical demonstration in Rome—forthwith the infidel and Protestant world in America rejoices, on the faith of the telegraphist's assurance that the Romans will never permit another Pope to live in Rome. Is there an electoral contest in France—the telegraph forges the lie that the Pope has issued a secret Bull to the French bishops to assist a particular party. Is there an Orange riot in Montreal—the telegraph breathes murder, aggression, and incendiarism, into the heated anti-Catholic mind.

But elsewhere, as we have said, the war of the devil upon the Church in European politics is unconcealed. The adversaries are able to range themselves on either side with insidious traps for the unwary.

And so in politics, pure and simple, in England and France, the claims of principle are heard above all other cries. Men recognize ideas and fight for them. Where else is there ultimate safety?

But the neutral press in America lives only by expediency. Blind to the storms impending over our institutions—not the less real and Titanic because brooding in the future and as yet unknown to experience—the neutral press seeks no defence, no stability, in fixed aims founded upon ultimate reason. Society, which in a democracy has always a more sharp incline towards chaos, needs a power, public thought, a more lofty and rigid virtue, than other governments, is left by the neutral press at the mercy of every shifting wind and current. Observe the fearful absence of principle—fearful because it betokens a degradation of the national conscience—the de-

ceitful and dangerous triumph of expediency in the present aspect of American politics. De Tocqueville, who saw so many dangers, so many shoals, ahead of American democracy, thought he beheld one safe anchorage-ground in our political system, namely, in respect for the law.

But how does it stand to-day? With "Fraud" seated in the Presidential chair. Observe we do not censure President Hayes personally. He is personally, perhaps, incapable of fraud. But he is the passive image to-day of the revolt of the American people against their own electoral law. He represents a national suicide of justice. He is the seal the American people bear of their preference of temporary safety over honor. Temporary? Yes, and a fruitful precedent of unknown revolutions. His inauguration represented to the eyes of all foreign observers the complete breakdown of American republicanism. Fraud, which is the enemy of the people under republics, as violence is under empires, won the same victory in the United States that Napoleon's *gens d'armes* did in the *plebiscite* of France. Fraud is even a worse outrage, because it is perpetrated on men who are nominally freemen, but who are robbed of the sword of freedom by the perversion of their own laws.

What part did the neutral press play in the imposition of this fraud upon the American people? The basest. Mark, we are not politicians in a party sense. Politics are our theme only in that larger national sense which must interest every good citizen. We condemn the same choice of what is low before what is high, of what is expedient before what is just, of what is indicative of national degeneration before what is patriotic, in Democrats as well as in Republicans. Our concern only is with the safety and honor of our common country, with

the maintenance of those principles upon which our institutions were built, with the guarding of that sacred fire of liberty which was lighted by our fathers, and committed to our care as a heritage.

When we aver, then, that the neutral press played the basest part before and at the consummation of the unfortunate choice into which American politicians of both parties drifted, we mean it in no partisan spirit. Look at the line taken by our sporting contemporary, the *Herald*, before and during the progress of the presidential election. It was busy putting pigeons out of a trap; but when a lion stood in its path it crept up a tree. It presented the mortifying and ridiculous spectacle of an American journal of wide circulation supporting Hayes in one column and Tilden in another, as candidates for the presidency. It is such a spirit that makes fraud possible and successful. It is an acted lie which vitiates the popular conscience, degrades the popular intelligence. It would make men eels: take the backbone out of them and make them incapable of standing upright. But man was made to look up to heaven; to choose the right, and, having chosen, follow it. This was the spirit that animated our fathers when they chose between George III and the rights of freemen; when they drew up that formidable indictment against him contained in the Declaration of Independence. The neutral press is the voice of cowardice, the mouth-piece of the money-grabber trembling for his dividends. But there is in man the "*mens divini*or," which urges him to the belief that there are things above the filthy dross, above frivolities; that he has a soul to save—principles to carry out; that he is a Christian freeman, not a sensual slave, his belly his God, his bank balance his conscience, and his trade transactions his political principles. It was by pandering to

all such lowest motives of the brute in the man that a compromise such as we have seen was effected by the neutral press and its followers. It is within observation that American political society at the present day, following the teachings of the neutral press, in its cultivation of what is mean and ignoble, its depreciation of what is pure and elevated, as the principle of political action, is reproducing the worst features of ancient society stigmatized by the old Roman satirists. Under the mask of a republic we cultivate the vices of the empire. We have its sins without its advantages. The same lust of gold, the same blind worship of personal luxury, the same popular timidity cultivated by venal scribes, the same scurrility, the same scoffing at abstract aims and virtues, the same inability to comprehend the struggle of opposing principles of good and evil which Juvenal and Perseus lacked under the Cæsars, are eating up the national spirit in the United States. And for this a press without a conscience, emasculated, furious at trifles, trembling before great questions, glorifying itself in its degradation, is chiefly responsible. This eunuch in the American social system is the neutral press. It is fit for timid sports. The *Herald's* polo, its pigeons, and its yachts are the true field for its dogmatism. There it is safe from those issues that try the souls of men. There it can gently upbraid and as gently commend, secure in the contempt of men who dare to think and act.

Now when we look at English journalism and observe its large breadth of thought, free from scurrility; its vigorous discussion of questions upon their merits; its willingness to assume its full share of responsibility for its opinions, we see a contrast to our neutral press, as helpful of the public interests of England as it is humiliating to our national pride, in what we have long been led to believe was one of the

chief feathers in our cap, our intelligent and patriotic press. It is true that as Catholics we see much to criticize, much to condemn, in the English daily press. It is deliberately blind in all that concerns the Catholic Church. But in what concerns the national interests of England, its healthy tone, its outspoken opinions, are justly matters of pride to Englishmen and of admiration to foreigners. There is no creeping behind the back in its utterances. It is plain, downright argumentative, patriotic from its own party view; not timid, venal, or squirming.

It is said the London *Times* is the mirror of the English mind; that its policy is to follow its changing current from day to day. But there are two things to be said to this: first, that if the *Times* follows the popular breeze, that breeze is always strong and decided, from whatever quarter it blows. It may veer from north to south, but it is not always facing both ways, like Bunyan's time-server. Secondly, that however accurately the *Times* may gauge the current of English public opinion, it never insulted its common sense on the eve of an election by holding Mr. Gladstone up in one column as the only saviour of society, and recommending Her Majesty to send for Mr. Disraeli in another. Yet this latter was the feat accomplished under our names by our sporting election contemporary during the last presidential campaign. Were the *Times* to attempt such a parody upon the functions of journalism, it would be met with a roar of derision in England which would cripple it. So far as it does make itself a weathercock it inspires contempt and has no weight. A journal may be useful to the statesman and yet despicable in itself. But it is true of the *Times* that it always represents some sentiment, some opinion, never the absence of all opinion, like its New York contemporary; or, more wonderful still,

two logically contradictory opinions at the same time. Human nature wisely revolts against such duplicity. The illiterate Bunyan, questionable as is his theology, appeals to a common instinct of humanity in the contempt he makes us feel for Mr. Facing-Both-Ways.

Surely this is the time above all others for plain speaking. Now, when the destructive elements in society are at work, with a potency and regular organization for their fell purpose never exhibited before, the neutral press is above all the enemy of the workingman. It is the *ignis fatuus*, the "Will-o'-the-wisp," leading him to his ruin. It appeals to all the weakest and lowest instincts in his humanity, and fosters them to a hideous growth which strangles what is good. Where he is weak in faith it offers him rationalism and materialism; where he is unstable it cultivates his distrust of all political principle; where he is proud it appeals to his vanity by making him believe he is the master of events, and that society owes him all and he nothing to society; where he is suspicious it saps the principle of authority by endeavoring to show him that both sides are equal, and therefore equally worthless, and that he is the only fixtured; where he is envious it fastens his hatred upon the rich. It leaves him without a landmark to guide his course except self, self, self! This is its teaching. And when the hour of trial strikes, where is the neutral press then? It has veered round to the other side. It has deserted the workingman and is clamoring for the executioner. It offered him no other god to worship but the god of his belly and his crafty ambition, and when he is cast down and they fail him, what consolation has the neutral press to offer him? None! It derides the spiritual in man by a vulgar mockery of the truth by linking it with the false; by drawing an odious parallel and parity between good and evil; by

classing the lusts of the flesh in communion with the Sacrifice on Calvary; by jumbling together heaven and hell, and thus accomplishing its object, namely, to blot out belief in both. This is the intellectual food it offers the American people. Such teaching makes all noble action difficult, if not impossible, by cutting away the motives for it. Naked materialism has nothing to offer outside its own gratification. Like Saturn, the horrible personation of brute nature first sprung out of Chaos, blind, unintelligent, ravenous, it preys upon itself and devours its own offspring. The neutral press, like Communism, is one of the dissolving elements in society. It is the most powerful ally Communism has. Having no God, it does away with the necessity of religion; having no principles to guide its political action, it saps faith in all government, but especially in the Republican form of government, which must depend primarily, not upon authority, paternal or coercive, but upon the intelligent choice of motives of action between parties. Having no morality higher than the rules of the stock exchange, it makes honor and honesty merely commercial qualities, with a value according to the fluctuations of the market. But the neutral press has one article of faith remaining; it clings to that. What is it? The policeman's club. That is its *præsidium et dulce decus suum*.

Generating thieves and revolutionists by its teachings, it flies to the police when they break in its own door. It forgets that the policeman is only the symbol of the law which is founded on morality and religion, and that when these motives disappear, the symbol disappears also.

In the gigantic struggle between labor and capital which is impending, which has chosen the United States as its future battlefield, and of which we have only seen one of

the first uprisals in the railroad strikes last month, where will those who are floating about in that dark and troubled ocean find a beacon? Not in the teachings of the neutral press. It blows hot and cold already. Called breathless from the Danubian principalities to the consideration of a social war at its own doors, our contemporary with the military eye is in a cruel perplexity. In one breath it defends the principle of strikes, and in another it shrieks frantically to the military to shoot the strikers down. Knowing no God, no charity, no honesty, it is merciless as a wild beast let loose upon its own dupes, when it thinks its own property in danger.

Yes, yes, it is this social war which is impending on both continents, but which will fight its deadliest battle, and with most advantages to the revolutionists, in America, it is this upheaval of socialism towards which all the forces of infidelity are lending their strength, which will try men's souls in the next and succeeding generations. The revolution which sprang into terrible life in France at the close of the last century is destined to be followed by a second one. The first was political. The second will be social. It will be more desperate, more wide-reaching than the first. All the signs of the times since the Commune point to its culmination at no very distant day. The propagandists are sowing the seeds of it in all the literature of the day. It is a deliberately organized conspiracy against property and social order. The advance writers of this new revolution have ceased to direct their most pointed shafts against governments, knowing that ground to be already well tilled. They point out the accumulations of hereditary and acquired property, to the envy and greed of the working classes. With devilish ingenuity, they gloat over the splendor of their possessions to lash their unfortunate dupes, the

poor, into a frenzy. Take Victor Hugo's last work, *L'Homme Qui Rit*, The Man who Laughs. Political diatribes play a comparatively insignificant part in it. But with hellish malice, gloating over the plundering he invites, he enumerates in detail the long list of the mansions and estates of the English aristocracy under the cover of two centuries ago. He describes their palaces, their parks, their fish-ponds, their fountains, their coaches. Each object is minutely jotted down as an inventory for the future plunderer. It is a new proscription. Yet the very men who are thus proscribed in advance, many of them at least, applaud this and kindred works, which have done and are doing their designed part in the revolution on the Continent, and only waiting their time to do it in England and America. Victor Hugo and his confreres are contented to sow the seeds. They do not probably believe that they will live to see the fruition of their hopes and designs. But they are satisfied, as we say, to be the apostles, the advanced guard of the new revolution. They are envious of Voltaire and Rousseau, and aspire to a new rôle as their successors.

Now with the immense circulation which the daily press has acquired in our day, reaching the hands of the workingman who is exposed to these temptations, it has the opportunity, were it so disposed, to overthrow and expose the delusions of the revolutionists. But it is practically hopeless to expect it. A certain portion of the press is pledged to and representative of the socialist plan. But in reality it gains more strength indirectly from the neutral press. It is impossible to combat materialism by a less attractive form of materialism. To confiscate the property of the rich is a more expeditious and enticing programme than an agreement in favor of higher wages. The teaching which has no higher motive than money, rich

food, costly furniture, cannot combat socialism by an appeal to the higher aims and principles which it ignores. In the eyes of our sporting contemporary, Stanley, collecting ivory and killing the natives of Africa, is a figure on the same level as St. Francis Xavier, preaching and baptizing in Asia. Both are merely explorers, and if the *Herald's* ideas are fairly read between the lines, it is quite plain that it would laugh at St. Francis Xavier as a visionary, while it would believe that Stanley had achieved a substantial success by its increased sale and the number of pounds of ivory he brought down to the coast.

It is only, however, by appealing to the spiritual side of the workingman that he can be rescued from the vortex into which he is being drawn by the socialists. By showing him that "man does not live by bread alone." By cultivating patriotism instead of selfishness, honor instead of craft, respect for authority instead of contempt for all who are his superiors in position, by placing before him the Church and the family, instead of the rationalist platform and the Free Lovers' hall. To preach Christ crucified, and an immortal soul, this was the mission of St. Francis. When that agony and travail which seize upon the soul from time to time in its earthly flight towards eternity, and from which riches cannot save it, press upon it most heavily, these are the consolations which are enduring and give it wings to rise again.

To eat his bread in the sweat of his brow, is the primal curse following man's disobedience and his fall. He cannot escape from it. No socialist plan will ever eventually conquer God's word. He who is poor believes another to be rich, who in turn thinks himself poor. They are grades of poverty, but the mass of mankind must always labor that they may eat. To ameliorate the condition of the poor has always

been the Church's work. The redemption, by giving new strength and merciful power to the Church, tempered the curse in this as in all other respects. The Church helps man to bear his burden, nay it makes it light, but it does not take it off his back. It will be lifted from him only at the grave. Be it poverty or sorrow, loss of friends, blasted ambition or blighted hopes, each of us, rich or poor, carries it to that goal.

The neutral press, which steals away from the poor man the consolations of his religion by jumbling together Catholicity and Pantheism, Christianity and Judaism, and turning all into a farce, is his bitterest enemy, perhaps, in this respect above all others. It is not content to turn on him and rend him, when the interest of the rich are to be served, but it would leave him hopeless before God, as well as criminal before the law.

The neutral press feeds the vanity, but never champions the wrongs of poverty. Its opinions, if they can be called such, are like opium, which drugs the working classes chiefly, but all classes more or less, who come within its influence. There is something in this influence, and the folly of those who are led by it, which reminds us of the "Paradise of Fools" described by Addison in the *Spectator*. He represents himself in a vision, transported to a hill, green, flowery, and of easy ascent. Upon the top dwelt Popular Opinion with many heads, one that dealt in sorcery, and famous for bewitching people with love of themselves. Her voice was pleasing, she seemed to have a tongue for every one, every one heard of something that was valuable for himself, and expected a paradise which she promised him as

the reward of his merit. Thus they were insensibly conducted to the palace of Vanity. But when, terrified by the voice of Plain Dealing, they sought to escape from it, what a shock was it to them to find that the delusion of Error was gone, and that the building in which they stood seemed to hang on the air without any real foundation.

The neutral press in its endeavors to please every one, to connect itself to one, is blind to the fact that nothing can be gained without some conflict, seldom without some self-sacrifice. But it is this self-sacrifice which it is incapable of understanding; *nil admirari* being its motto, it sneers at enthusiasm. It measures everything by pound weight, and like those physiologists who say they have dissected every portion of the human body, but can find no trace of a soul, it criticizes every detail of national life, but can find no reason for the existence of principle.

O curvæ in terris animæ et cælestium inanes, says Persius.

"O souls, in whom no heavenly fire is found,
Flat minds, and ever grov'ling on the ground."

The logical result of the teachings of the neutral press would be a universal Chinese stagnation of principles and morals. But though cowardice and error may in quiet times blur over the boundary between right and wrong, good and evil, the lightning flash of revolution, the storm that shakes the life of nations, reveals in one lurid moment the eternal conflict, and at the same time the neutral press with its light sails shivering in the tempest, and drawn with all on board into the whirling abysses of the unfathomable gulf.

WHAT DOES SHE NEED?

A SKETCH.

"FIVE boys! Five boys!"

Spring does not awaken the same exuberance of joy in Southern hearts as in those of colder climes, for there her breath pervades the winter months, but when she turns her face full towards us she greets us all with the same suggestions of youth, and hope, and happiness.

At least the balmy April air brought such thoughts to one—a woman—who, as she laid upon the table near her five pairs of neatly folded socks, thus recalled in monosyllables the number of her household treasures.

The particular trouble in connection with these boys was the getting everything ready for them this Saturday evening, so that Sunday's usual routine should move on unchecked and satisfactorily.

There was no sound of sorrow, no murmur of regret, in the voice that said the words. It was rather the tender consciousness of the heavy burden on her hands, the loving realization of the great care within her heart.

The five boys were all asleep, but each one, as he kissed her for the night, had reminded her of *something* that was needed for the morrow. The oldest was seventeen, the youngest seven. One just on manhood's threshold, the other just beyond the realm of babyhood. It is true she still cradled Charley on her knee, but even the Church told her that at seven years the child is a responsible being, and so she called them all *boys* now, no longer babes and not yet men.

The April breeze outside was busy dropping down upon the ground its wealth of orange-blossoms, the southern snow of springtime, while inside, the mother's mind was busy with its wealth of fancies, which,

pure and fragrant as the orange buds, settled down as noiselessly upon the boyish sleepers in the house.

For seven years this widowed mother had earned by her own labor the scanty wherewithal to support herself and boys. Aided by Hope and Patience, and working for Love's sake only, as Jacob did, she had reached a day when there came a change into her life.

Will, her eldest, had found employment, and his young hands were now joined to hers in the upholding of their little world.

For seven years she had kept her Will at school, but teaching him more herself in his hours of home-study, than did the master who regularly heard his always satisfactory lessons.

She had done all she could for her boys in the past, and she was still to continue her labor of love; but as there had been suffering and want in those years of struggle, so she knew that there would be many privations in the future. Yes, it would be long before each of her boys had all he needed; but, at least, there was a chance for Will, here, in the present, and as she took up the one white vest he owned, and which was mended every Saturday, she fairly revelled in the thought that he would soon be able to buy a new one.

Mother-like, she told him this next day as they walked home from church, and he answered carelessly—he little realized all her patient efforts to supply the wants of the last seven years—"And many other things, mother, which I must have, you know."

When, at the close of that eventful month, Will received his first earnings and brought them to his mother, she was the first to enumer-

ate the vest, the hat, the shoes, and the "many other things" which were required by her boy.

"If there is a surplus it will go towards the rent," Will said, with a sense of importance never known before, and a great feeling of self-satisfaction.

As time went on, and Will's wants or the necessities of his wardrobe became gradually supplied, the mother thought of Tom, the next in age, still at school, and always woefully in need of either hat or shoes, the mother finding it a difficult problem to attend at once to the head and heels of all her boys.

"We will buy poor Tom a complete outfit, this time," said the mother to her Will, who, needing nothing now, was not surprised to learn that Tom was his antipodes in this respect. Henry's turn came next, then John's, and at last even little Charley's. All five were remembered in the mother's plans, and by her careful management each enjoyed a moderate comfort.

Of herself she seldom seemed to think, or if she did, she never brought her wants before her boys, or worried them by any statement of the fact. She made her own life an humble woof, on which she wove the golden threads of their existence. If there was a cent to spare, she suggested some disposition of it which included the well-being of all the precious five.

She placed herself within their thoughts as the fountain of their joys and comforts, whence poured the stream of love and sacrifice over all their lives. They never thought of checking its abundance, or turning back the waters on their source.

In a few years Tom followed Will in finding work and earning money, and so did Henry, until "the boys" decided that mother must teach no longer, for she had enough to do at home.

They kept her very busy, but she made a happy home for them, suit-

ing herself to all their hours, and forwarding by her help all their plans for rest or recreation. The house was always bright, the rooms were always comfortable, the meals were always ready when they came home, and even the doorsteps spoke to them of love and welcome.

Not that they ever noticed these things, or spoke of them to her. They only felt that life was pleasant, and that somehow or other their mother's face was the brightest thing they knew. Sometimes they wished there was a better chair for a fellow to sit on, or a prettier shade for a fellow to look at, but when they had the cash they bought the required articles and enjoyed them afterwards with unequivocal marks of satisfaction.

Occasionally, when the five were discussing methods of future enjoyment, or arranging plans for this or that possession, Charley, bringing in the mother's name, would ask, "What does *she* need?" But as the others always assured him she needed nothing, had she ever said she did? he grew to think accordingly, and ceased to ask the question.

And thus seven more years went by, changing almost all the boys to men. It was the autumn of the year, when the orange buds had turned to golden spheres, and the April snow of blossoms was replaced by fleecy billows whose undulations buoy up the commerce of the world.

The mother sat in her accustomed seat before the little table, while the fire threw a pleasant light over the room, the well-known furniture, and the basket of socks that stood near her chair.

Just as she had done years before, the mother laid five folded pairs of socks before her, while she said aloud: "Five boys! five boys!"

There was no change in the words; was there one in the mother's tone? There was no burden now upon her hands; was there a heavier one within her heart?

Where were all the five? Not asleep as in the olden time, for then there would have been a sense of companionship within the house; but there was, instead, a feeling of loneliness which reflected itself upon the mother's face. She seemed weary, too, for she ceased to work, crossed her hands upon her lap, and sighed a little as the clock struck ten.

Certainly she was quite alone.

"The boys;" she called them so still in spite of years, "the boys have all they need."

It was Saturday night, and she went over in her mind each detail of the necessary outfits for the morrow. Their fancy shirts were all in order, their Sunday suits were nicely brushed, there was nothing out of place except the socks; but these her own hands would lay just where they were needed before she retired for the night.

"Five boys! five boys!" The words sounded in that desolate room almost like a wail. As though she had once possessed a treasure, now hers no longer. As though a day-dream, once radiant as the sun, had faded into a doubtful, twilight vision.

She had not altered much—the Trinity of her early motherhood still ruled her heart. The look that Patience gives was sweeter—that of Hope was more subdued; but Love still illumined every feature of her face. The hair was glinted here and there with gray, a phosphorescent light that gleamed among the ripples of still brown locks, and told of the great depths of thought which only a mother's mind can know.

There was ease and luxury around her. Will's arm-chair was rolled before the fire, Tom's lounge, he was her lazy boy, stood convenient in the corner. Henry's comfortable rocker had its soft-cushioned seat, while John and Charley's *fauteuils* were redolent of comfort and repose.

What then *did she need* as she sat alone before the fire that Saturday night in autumn, having for com-

panionship only the memories of her five boys?

Every mother's heart knows what it was she needed; but her own heart did not know how to put the need into words. She even tried to thrust it down and hide it, for she believed that God had been very good to her in all that he had sent her, and particularly in the dear boys who were away from her to-night.

Through all her widowhood they had been the subject of her thoughts, the object of her cares. She knew they never even dreamed she needed anything which they could give more than they had given. She had always thought first of them. She did so now. Their happiness, nay, even their comforts, went before her own. Was it to be expected that this order now would change?

What does she need that she should weep those quiet tears, and repeat so yearningly, so like an echo to a strain of tender music: "Five boys! five boys!"

Where were they all to-night, for this was the anniversary of her wedding, and the mother's heart had need of sympathy and love.

How well she had remembered each boyish anniversary, even their holidays, as well as every day of their lives! On the one, it had been her pleasure to surprise them by some timely gift, "just what a fellow wanted;" on the other, she had treated them to little suppers; and on the last, she had watched that all went well, and they had all they needed.

Had they ever thought of her in this way; consulting her tastes, providing for her comforts, bestowing those little attentions, which, as the French so beautifully express it, "keep up love?"

Was it not, perhaps, her own fault that a time had come when she needed something now almost unattainable? Who will dare to answer in the affirmative. Is a mother to place herself first when her offspring

stand in need of aught that mother-love can give? Must she consult her own ease and tastes and pleasures in preference to those of her beloved ones?

God laid no command upon the parent's love towards the child. There was no need. He knew the mother's heart would always be unselfish, sacrificing, true.

The fourth commandment refers alone to sons and daughters.

What does she need? Ah, if she dared to say the wish, how selfish she would seem! How unreasonable the nineteenth century would call her! If she expressed aloud the hidden pang at seeing all her boys drifting from her hands, her heart, her life, how some lips would sneer, some souls despise!

If she needs love when she has given love, care in return for care, and devotion as a recompense for devotion, is this strange?

Where were the boys? Each one was engaged in the pursuit of his own pleasures, each one was following eagerly his own interests, utterly unconscious that the mother needed anything more than the home and the comforts he had secured to her. She had never complained—she did not dream of doing so now; only a strange loneliness made her pray to-night that her boys' lives might be replete with happiness, whatever the desolation that befell her own.

In France and Germany there is a home-life unknown in this country, where sons live for their aged parents, planning all their lives in reference to them, and marrying, at last, such noble wives as will prove true daughters to those who gave them birth.

America, though young, is yet full-grown; her sons are like their native land. The mother's heart is often wrung by her offspring's love of independence.

Sitting thus alone, without one thought of bitterness, the perfume of the ripened fruit mingling with

her early memories, the mother accepted meekly the inevitable:

"Her lot in nought doth she accuse—
To rear, to love, and then to lose!"

The fruit must fall from the parent tree; but when it does the sap dries up, and the once green branches look desolate and drear.

A few more years, another seven, and the mother sits alone again, while only one pair of mended socks lies on the stand before her. It is winter now. The trees have lost their golden spheres, and the cotton-fields their ermine mantles. The Southern year, for a brief period, seems to miss her blush of beauty and her robes of bloom.

"Five boys! five boys!" The words were spoken low, as though the mother feared to awaken a sleeping sorrow. Their utterance was mournful, like the wintry winds, and their reiteration like the cadence of the bare and swaying branches.

The little sitting-room is as cheerful as of old; but the vacant chairs look strangely desolate to-night. Where are the boys?

Will's wife, an acknowledged leader of fashion, cares nothing for her husband's old-fashioned mother; and he, her first-born, is drifting with his wife into the stream of worldliness and pride. Though living in the same city with his mother, they seldom meet. His circle is not hers, and thus their lives are daily growing more and more remote.

Tom fell in love with a fair foreign face, and gave up mother-land to be near his new-found treasure.

Henry wedded Art, and, listening to its wooing voice, followed it to Rome. In that glorious city, styled the "mistress of the soul," he has almost forgotten the gentle mother who nurtured in his soul its earliest aspirations towards the beautiful.

John, a thorough business man, sent out many ships to sea, but not content with all they brought him,

has followed one to a distant shore, where he hopes to find even more than the golden fleece of Jason.

Only one was left, Charles, the youngest, he who had sometimes wondered if his patient mother ever needed anything in the power of her boys to give.

He had been away a week, a long dreary week, in which she had realized the bitterness of being all alone. But she had not murmured, only the persistent sense of desolation which had followed her from day to day, made her rejoice that the time had come when he had promised to return. But would he, too, not leave her some day?

She heard his steps upon the threshold as this thought crossed her mind, and with the welcome sound there came a look of bitter pain, followed in an instant by a smile of perfect peace and patience.

Nevertheless the five thin fingers trembled perceptibly as she extended them to greet her son.

He held her hand tenderly in his own awhile, looked at the basket near her knee, smiled at the one poor solitary pair of socks she had prepared for him, and then said lovingly:

"My week's retreat has taught me this, mother. It must be, indeed, a strong voice that calls an only child from a widowed mother. I have renounced for the present my desire for the priesthood."

He spoke as though he knew his words must comfort her, and with a child's caressing manner he knelt beside her, and laid his cheek against the bands of her soft white hair. He was giving her now something of what she had so lavishly bestowed on him, on all the five, and yet he wondered there was no word of thankfulness, no sigh of unutterable relief.

It had cost him many a pang to renounce this dream of his young manhood, to set aside this vision that had transfigured earth into a holy

Thabor. But he knew his mother's smile would comfort him, and her voice mingle blessings with her gratitude.

As he looked around the room, seeing only the mementoes of the absent ones, he thought his sacrifice must surely compensate for all that she had lost. How strange she did not seem content! What more could she need, his dear, good mother?

How little he knew her thoughts, her need, her mother-love!

Her thoughts were busy with her other sons, of whom the world had robbed her. Would she hold this one back from God, when she had given all the rest unto his creatures? Dared she keep for a little while on earth what she was sure would always be her own in heaven? Could she accept as a gift for time what would be her recompense throughout eternity?

What did she need? A little selfishness, a little human fear, a little doubt in the great Father's watchfulness; but these would have made her something different from the simple Christian mother who, holding her last son's hand in hers, knew no selfishness, no fear, no poor distrust in Him whose name is to be blest even when He takes as when He gives.

The mother-love spoke out, clear and unanswerable, for there was much that she still could give both to her sons and God. "No, no, for my sake, no! I need your sacrifice, your prayers. I give you willingly to God's service. Your high vocation will bring down blessings upon me and mine." That last word was the keynote of her soul. It told how she still thought of all the five, and how she hoped that one faithful servant of the Lord might win graces for those who did not serve Him.

And it was done. The mother's will prevailed. She encouraged him in the pathway he had chosen; aided him by her own high courage to per-

severe therein, and rejoiced with him when at last he reached the dignity of the priesthood.

The little home was untenanted, except by herself and love's memories, but the sacrifice of one son seemed to awaken better feelings in the others, and gradually they all drew nearer to the mother in their remembrance and their love.

Will, in his luxuriant mansion, thinking of the old arm-chair that still awaited his coming in his mother's house, realized how desolate she was, and poured out money, and with it a little love, to place her beyond the reach of want.

Tom sent her tokens of affection from his foreign home, and gave her name to the first little girl that smiled upon his knee.

Henry, learning how all the five had left her, felt his heart overflow with tender memories of his boyhood, and so it came to pass that his mother's face looked down upon him from a painted canvas, which brought him afterwards both fame and fortune.

John brought back his ships from sea, and tired of his eager search for gold, determined soon, after his next voyage, to enjoy the riches of a mother's love, the treasure of a quiet home.

And thus the years went by. The old home empty, but the mother's heart full of peace, until there came a day when she needed what only one of her five boys could give. The priest was more than any son could be. Beside her deathbed he stood as physician of the soul, bringing remedies that human love is powerless to bestow; the spirit's guide, he showed the radiant way across the sea of death; dispenser of a heavenly food, he strengthened her for the journey which leads up to the mount of God.

Clinging to the hands that she had relinquished here on earth, comforted by the presence that she had given to be the comforter of others, and obedient to the summons spoken by the lips she had dedicated to God's service, thus passed away the Christian mother. Above the cold remains, as they lay before the altar on which the Infinite sacrifice had been offered up for her eternal happiness, the priest of God bowed, with all a son's deep sorrow, as he murmured lovingly, yet hopefully:

"Her task is done. She needs nothing now."

"I shall be *satisfied* when thy glory shall appear."—Ps. 16.

TO ERIN.

AN ALIEN'S GREETING.

MINE eyes have never rested yet upon thy wild green shore,
My footsteps trod thy hallowed glens, peopled by Saints of yore;
No kindred stream of Irish blood is coursing warm and free
To the full heart that ever beats faster at name of thee;
And yet my inmost soul has stirred within me as they told
Of wrong and suffering wrought on thee in evil days of old;
Of wasted field and slaughtered clan, of desecrated shrines,
Of land and lordship foully reft from proud Milesian lines,
Of Aughrim's fight, and Limerick's fall, and Sarsfield's lightning blade,
And the cheer that rang o'er Fontenoy at the charge of the Brigade,
Of risen Wexford's giant strife, of Emmet's nameless grave,
And all the martyr band who died their land and faith to save.
Their names up from my childhood's years have been a spell of might,
A landmark of heroic deed done for the trampled right!

Long years ago—so far it seems—when Davis lived and sung—
 With thought entranced and beating pulse, by day and night I hung
 O'er olden chronicle and lay, won from the Irish tongue—
 O'er the Franciscan's mighty tomes, where the Four Masters tell
 The story of the land's renown, the tale of how she fell,
 The glory of her cloisters fair, her schools of world-wide fame,
 The princely state that fitly girt O'Donnell's ancient name,
 The tale of war and sacrilege that swept from sea to sea,
 And drove to death and exile forth Tyrconnell's chivalry!
 That sad and stately chronicle penned in O'Gara's hall,
 And where high o'er the Atlantic towers Kilbarron's sheltering wall,
 When sword and fire had wreaked their worst on cloistered Donegal—
 When on the clans had settled down the long and starless night
 That closed the fatal day that saw the Earl's disastrous flight.
 I knew and loved each noble strain that mourns the trophied stone
 Where 'neath Montorio's pavement sleep, forgotten and unknown,
 The mighty of thy widowed lands, Tyrconnell and Tyrone!
 Where o'er her exiled kinsmen's bier arose Nuala's wail,
 The fiery sister of red Hugh; when strength and manhood fail,
 How should *she* dwell, a planter's serf, amid the conquered Gael?
 Better a cell by Tiber's shore, 'neath holy Bennet's veil!*

So sweep they on! the scenes that stirred my heart so long ago—
 The vengeance of the risen North, the charge of Owen Roe,
 The Council in Kilkenny's fane, the treason of the Pale,
 That clogged the swords and broke the hopes of armed Innisfail;
 Still on!—athwart the penal years of dungeon axe and chain,
 Even to our own, when dawned thy light of liberty again,
 As at thy mighty Tribune's voice the marshalled thousands stood,
 And Mullaghmast and Tara rang to songs of nationhood;
 Till sank in death that noble heart—but half its conquest won—
 Leaving to better days the task bequeathed from sire to son.

And so to-day, the voice that woke the far-off echoes then
 Summons the love of Christian hearts to Erin's cause again;
 Let those who will stand coldly by, and mock her hour of gloom,
 As the Pharisees on Calvary's hill, the soldiers at the Tomb.
 O land of Sorrow and of Faith! to watch thy passion drear,
 All generous souls, all gallant hearts, of every race draw near—
 The Maries who but weep and pray; the blind Centurion—he
 Whose sight thy martyrs' blood restores from densest heresy;
 Shall we, who hold a common creed, confessed 'mid axe and chain,
 Cringe to thy foes and ours, who wait that hour to dawn again!
 No! though thy sleep be dark and long, the Resurrection day
 Is breaking redly in the east for all who watch and pray!
 For Rome, where captive Peter dwells bound in Subalpine chain:
 For France, and for her severed realms of Alsace and Lorraine;
 For those who groan 'neath Islam's yoke beside the Euxine sea;
 For Biscay's faithful mountaineers; for Poland—and for Thee!

* Nuala O'Donnell died a White Benedictine Nun in the great monastery of that order at Santa Cecilia in Trastevere.

FREDERICK II OF PRUSSIA.

IT is a trite remark that history, if it is to deserve the name, should be objective; it should be a record of facts, related as they occurred in the space of time under consideration. Whenever the imagination gets a footing, the truth becomes distorted; in many cases it is buried beneath the accumulated rubbish which the writer gathers about his subject, collected, not from authentic records, but from other heaps shot at random upon the public market, without discrimination between the true and the false. Romance and history are mutually destructive: they may be likened to the scales of a balance, one of which necessarily rises as the other falls. And what is true of the effects of imagination on history is still truer of prejudice, so that it may safely be asserted that it is a pure impossibility for a man to write a history of a period or a biography of a historical character, if his mind is previously warped by theories—whether of the German moonshine sort or not—or enamored of, or averse from, the character he has undertaken to describe. If our Henry VIII be a hero to a man when he sits down to write a life of that worthy, or if Elizabeth be a modest woman in his eyes, we may be sure that, whether the writer's pages sparkle with the brilliancy of metaphor and rhetoric or not, they will not contain the same story that our public documents tell. Light and shade there are in all persons, and these are of necessity reflected in their recorded acts. History, therefore, can never, or very exceptionally, describe a series of events which is all cloudless sunshine. It is clearly, then, the first duty of the historical painter to keep his brushes carefully distinct, so as, as far as possible, to draw to the life and to distribute his colors

and tints according to the model put before him.

To avoid the danger of romancing, into which a peculiar writer still living has fallen, in sketching the person and acts of Frederick II of Prussia, we shall follow the guidance of a German historian* whose reputation is second to none for truthfulness and judicial talent. Onno Klopp's manner is to let Frederick speak for himself, to describe his own character, and to let the reader see what motives influenced his conduct and what considerations governed his life. It would seem that we cannot err in following this method. If Frederick is to be trusted, as his admirers would urge, we shall get at some portion of truth about him out of his own mouth; if Frederick's writings are not trustworthy, our description of him, drawn by his own pen, will be false; but then we shall still, through the medium of this falseness, arrive at the truth.

Frederick II, third king of Prussia, was born in A.D. 1712, into a family in which discord seemed to be hereditary. His father, Frederick William I, well known in history for his love of tall grenadiers, was a well-meaning, honest man, but almost absolutely devoid of education and of the culture which good education gives. As a ruler, Frederick William was stern and autocratic; but within this limit he really had the interest of his people at heart. Within his own family the same mode of procedure characterized him: he was stern and peremptory in exacting obedience; but, though incapable of overlooking the failings or peculiarities of disposition which must exist within the family circle, he was,

* Onno Klopp, in his work, *Der König Friedrich II von Preussen und seine Politik*. We quote the second edition of this valuable work.

according to his lights, an affectionate father. In this family the wife feared the husband, and the two eldest children, at first probably from the same sense of fear, ranged themselves on the side of the mother. The father was solitary in his own home, and his brooding, suspicious disposition was fostered and strengthened by the evident alienation of his children from him.

The oldest of Frederick William's children was Wilhelmina, afterwards Margravine of Baireuth. She was the favorite sister of Frederick. To her the world owes some rather remarkable memoirs, about the moral value of which, however, there is some difference of opinion. We shall, perhaps, be able later on to come to some conclusion about this personage. At present it is sufficient to remark that, according to the judgment of sober-minded men, if half the things set down in this dutiful daughter's memoirs be true, the poor day-laborer's cottage, which could afford but dry bread and water to its inmates, might justly be reckoned a paradise in comparison with the palace of the Prussian king.*

The feelings of the father towards the son were those of distrust and suspicion, founded on the conviction that Frederick was untruthful and undutiful, and that he was a wanton scoffer at religion and morality. Frederick's education, such as it was, had been altogether French. His own German he could not speak or understand. His governess had been a French woman, his tutors were French, and naturally his tastes were formed on French models. Literature and music seem to have been passions with him. He was never so happy as when engaged reading a French poet or playing the flute. He knew a trifle of Latin, which he had learnt on the sly. "My son," said his father, "shall

not learn Latin; and more than that, I will not suffer any one even to mention such a thing to me." That Frederick had been taught French under the eye of his father is clear; but the father never intended the study to go beyond what necessity demanded; he had no idea of developing a literary taste. It was Frederick's excess in this respect which was, in the eyes of this German father, responsible for much of his son's folly and waywardness. The perverse tastes and inclinations of the son are the constant theme of the father's bitterest remarks. Thus, for example, after Frederick's attempt at flight, of which we shall speak presently, when, with a view of conciliating his father, he asked permission to put on again the blue coat of the king's grenadiers, the father said, bitterly: "This is meant as mere flattery. The grenadiers are in thy eyes mere *canaille*; but, *petit-maitres*, Frenchmen, French women, and comedians: these are something more noble and *digne d'un Prince*." The prince's tastes were already depraved by his indiscriminate reading; and not only his tastes but his morals were seriously impaired by the parasites he called about him whenever the fear of discovery was less strong from the absence of his father. And, it must be admitted, the father's description had much of truth in it. The father on his side was by no means blameless. He governed his wife and children with too despotic a hand; he wished to see his son, the future king, walk too strictly in the lines that pleased his own mind, and deviation from these lines was too severely and inconsiderately punished. Still Frederick William was a man of strictly moral life; not a word against his moral character has even his loving daughter, Wilhelmina (a favorite, apparently, of an English Frederick-worshipper of our times), been able to breathe. And under these circumstances it is no

* Whoever wishes to read this "sprightly" creature's memoirs, will find abundant extracts of their disgusting contents, made apparently by an admirer of them, in Carlyle's *Frederick*.

wonder if the father was filled with grief and anger and disgust at his son's taste for French teachers and literature; no wonder if he feared that the future king was being morally poisoned by living in the pestilential atmosphere of French players and poets and musicians; nay, he may perhaps be pardoned if he showed an undue severity in cases where he could only suspect, without positive proof, that his son was leading a life of vice.

Next, in August, 1730, comes the prince's attempt at flight. The attempt, as is well known, failed. Frederick's object, it seems, was to get to England. His plan he communicated to two young associates, Katt and Keith. Money for the journey had been borrowed, the route fixed, and the time of departure settled, when lo! the king discovered the whole affair, and had his son and Katt seized. Keith luckily escaped, and bade an everlasting farewell to Prussia. The other two were tried by a court-martial. The latter could not be brought to pass sentence upon Frederick, but Katt it condemned to imprisonment in a fortress,—a punishment too lenient in the eyes of the king, who changed it into death by the sword. The chief reason given by the king was "because this Katt plots with the future sun." The question is, why did Frederick attempt to get away? Some writers are content to answer that the reason is manifest: that Frederick wanted to rid himself of the petty domestic persecutions which his father inflicted upon him. Another writer, in interjectional phrases and capital letters, talks of desertion, soldier leaving his post, and what not. Neither of these reasons nor any other yet offered clears up the mystery. Frederick during his imprisonment writes to his father, who, as a condition of freedom, required a full confession, to the effect that all the declarations he has made are true, and that time

will show the groundlessness of any suspicion that may still exist against him. He assured his father that he had not such a wicked intention as he was charged with. How could the suspicion still existing as to the object of his flight be removed by time and after events, when the attempt to fly did not succeed? The "wicked intention" was evidently something ulterior to the flight itself, and the imputation of such an intention to Frederick would, the prince urged, be shown by future events to be unjust. If his object was merely to escape from his father's persecution, Frederick has shown an unwonted disregard for his reputation with posterity by his subsequent mysterious behavior on this point. Why should he have feared to let the world read the process of the court-martial, if the only fault he committed was undue haste in shaking off paternal tyranny? Why should he so carefully have gathered up all the papers, and put them under seal, if he was only accused of attempted desertion from his own father's army? Why was not Preuss, for example, the noted Frederick-worshipper, allowed to break the seal that hid so innocent a secret? Yet to this day the Prussian bureaucracy dare not open those papers and let the world know the truth that is in them. We too, then, must leave this mystery where we found it.

The court-martial was unwilling to pass sentence upon the king's son. Upon this, however, the king insisted in terms which show that his father's feelings had been deeply moved. What sentence he wished for will remain unknown till the papers at Berlin are unsealed. The king's anger was finally appeased by the intercession of the Emperor Charles VI, who wrote an autograph letter to Frederick William to recommend mild treatment of the son.

The court of Vienna was especially anxious to win the lasting grati-

tude of Prussia. The Pragmatic Sanction of Charles VI had been already agreed to by the great powers, and by Frederick William. This famous document was designed to settle the succession to the throne on the death of Charles. This monarch was the last descendant in the male line of the Hapsburgs, and when he had lost all hope of a son and heir, he promulgated a new law, according to which the Austrian dominions were to devolve upon his daughter, Maria Theresa, and her husband, Duke Francis of Lorraine. This law was accepted by all the estates of the Austrian monarchy, and was sanctioned by treaty by all the great European powers. "That instrument," says Macaulay, "was placed under the protection of the public faith of the whole civilized world." It was the constant aim of the emperor to avoid giving the slightest ground of offence, and to bind the Hohenzollerns to his side by favors and benefits. He had become the godfather of Frederick. When the domestic troubles between father and son became known, he exerted himself in order to bring about a better understanding. Seckendorf, the Imperial Ambassador at Berlin, was, in the October of 1728, so successful in this direction that both Frederick William and Frederick wrote letters of thanks to Charles. The efforts of Charles were not confined to words. Frederick William was too sordid in his dealings with his son, whom he allowed but twelve hundred thalers a year. The son complained of this to Seckendorf, who was commissioned by his master to increase the prince's yearly allowance by a thousand ducats. In like manner, after the prince's attempt at flight, Charles, through Prince Eugene and Seckendorf, used all his influence to bring about the triumph of mild counsels. And now, when the balance seems to sink permanently towards extreme rigor, perhaps of the Brutus sort, the scale is turned by the Emperor

Charles's autograph letter. This was written on October 11th, 1730. According to Mirabeau and Mauvillon (*Monarchie Prussienne*), the king, on receipt of the letter, remarked to Seckendorf: "You do not know what you are asking for. You will some day see what you will have in him." Whether this be a mere duplicate of a later and better known remark of Frederick William, it is certain that the letter produced a great impression. In his answer to the emperor the king, after speaking of the grief the behavior of his son causes him, declares that he has abundant reason for letting Frederick feel still further the effects of his anger. He has resolved, however, to pardon him on account of the Imperial intercession.

"He (Frederick) has to thank your Imperial Majesty alone with becoming recognition that you have been pleased to honor him by your intercession; for it is purely on that account that I have been induced to pardon him. I desire and hope that this may make such an impression on his heart that he may be thoroughly altered by it, and may learn clearly to perceive how indebted he is to your Imperial Majesty for your well-proved, sincere love and good feeling towards him. And I myself shall never forget the extraordinary proofs of your sincere friendship and confidence, but shall ever strive with all my power to give your Imperial Majesty true proofs of my respect and devotion, and to show that nothing is dearer to my heart than to be united to your Imperial Majesty and your house by perpetual confidence and constant friendship, and moreover to see this relation constantly strengthened. With sincerely German heart and with all devotion, I ever remain, etc."

This letter is worth quoting, as it gives the reader a glimpse into the feelings of Frederick William towards the emperor. For it is to be observed that neither the letter just quoted, nor that of the emperor, to which the above is an answer, was intended for a public document. They were private communications, unfettered by official formalities; neither came under the eye of, or was signed by a minister of state. So much was Frederick William in

earnest that he impressed upon his son the assurance that his forgiveness was wholly due to the emperor. And Frederick, in writing a letter of thanks to the emperor, promised his life long to exert himself to the utmost to give the emperor sincere and convincing proofs of his dutiful and most grateful devotion, of his real German and patriotic zeal for the Imperial house.

The upshot of the whole matter, then, after the intercession of the Emperor Charles for Frederick, was that the prince was to be considered as under a sort of arrest. This resolve was come to by the king after several months of doubt and uncertainty. Frederick was kept in this position for the best part of two years, at the end of which period Frederick was in his twenty-first year. He was accordingly sent to Küstrin, where he was to obtain a practical knowledge of the management of affairs. Before this determination was come to, and after his forgiveness, he wrote in this strain to his father :

"I cannot sufficiently acknowledge the ways of God, even in the guidance of my misfortune, as he has of a surety led me by many a bitter and rugged step, though doubtless he proposes to himself a good end, and I am certain he will direct things to his honor, and so that you may be completely assured of my submission."

In all the letters of this time there is a smack of falsity, and as Onno Klopp observes, none of them impressed the father with confidence in his son's sincere repentance. "In the king's letters," says the historian, "there is a peculiar mixture of distrust and fatherly feeling."

And so Frederick went to Küstrin, there, according to his father's wish, to get business habits. The reward which attention to this was to bring was the recovery of his position as a soldier. Upon this his letters are filled with plans of land-drainage, wood-growing, glass-works, cattle-breeding. He talks about hunting, his father's favorite amusement, his

own aversion ; he is completely absorbed in farming projects. His father gradually warmed towards him, and Frederick did not let this feeling cool for want of fair words and flatteries. "After our God (*Herrgott*) I recognize no other lord than my most gracious father ; and there is no one except yourself to whom I must show the most submissive fidelity and obedience. I assure my most gracious father that I will live and die in this dutifulness ; and if you find a false thought (*Ader, vein*) in me which is not completely devoted to you, do with me whatsoever you wish."

The next point we will touch upon is Frederick's marriage. On this point the wishes of the king and queen were opposed. The queen had long set her heart on a double marriage between the families of Prussia and George II of England. According to this Frederick was to marry Anne, a daughter of George's, and Wilhelmina, Frederick's sister, was to have a husband found her in the same family. The scheme failed. The king seems never to have considered it with much favor. Frederick himself appears to have had another game in his mind. During the confinement which followed on his attempt to run away, he actually deemed it possible to marry Maria Theresa, and then to renounce all claim on the Prussian throne. The futility of such a dream was quickly made clear to the mind of Frederick ; and the immediate motive which probably prompted him to entertain the notion, was removed as far as possible by the authorities of Vienna. Prince Frederick wished to escape from the domestic ties which galled his spirit ; Prince Eugene exerted himself to bring father and son into harmony. Frederick was not insensible of these good offices, for in August, 1731, he instructed Seckendorf to say to Eugene that he certainly did not deserve that prince's friendship, but that he would never forget it. He begged Eugene to put away the

bad opinion which had, perhaps not undeservedly, been formed of him on account of his behavior, and he trusted in future to prove to the emperor and to the whole German Fatherland that a young German prince may, perhaps, err; but that he can in time understand by means of good sensible remonstrances, that no quiet or security is to be hoped for without the friendship of the emperor, and least of all from combinations with foreign powers.

Frederick William, meanwhile, who in his own way was sincerely anxious for his son's real welfare, was casting about for a suitable wife for Frederick. The countermining of the queen failed eventually to strike on the line of the king's work, and the too-ambitious plan of the mother fell to pieces. At last the father made his choice. The choice fell on Princess Elizabeth of Brunswick-Bevern, niece (brother's daughter) of the Empress Elizabeth. She was an amiable lady, and beautiful, too; well brought up, modest, and virtuous. The career on which she entered was one which tested her qualities to the utmost, and throughout her painful life there was never any deviation from that long-suffering sweetness which won for her the sympathy and admiration of all who knew her.

The choice was announced by courier at midnight of February 4th, 1732. The father's letter may be judged of by the following extracts:*

"You know, my dear son, that when my children are obedient I love them much. So, when you were at Berlin, I from my heart forgave you everything, and from that Berlin time, since I saw you, have thought of nothing but of your well-being and how to establish you—not in the army only, but also with a right stepmother (mother-in-law), and so see you married in my lifetime. You may be well persuaded I have had the Princesses of Germany taken survey of, so far as possible, and examined by trusty people, what their conduct is, their education, and so on; and so a Princess has been

found, the eldest one of Bevern, who is well brought up, modest and retiring, as women ought to be.

"You will without delay write me your mind on this. . . . I will have (a house named) made new (renewed) for you and furnish it all, and give you enough to keep house yourself there. . . .

"The Princess is not ugly nor beautiful. . . Write to mamma that I have written to you. And when you shall have a son, I will let you go on your travels; (the) wedding, however, cannot be before winter next. . . .

"God give his blessing to it, and bless you and your posterity, and keep thee as a good Christian. . . . Be obedient and faithful, so shall it, here in time and there in eternity, go well with thee. . . .

"Your true father to the death,

"FREDERICK WILLIAM."

The prince at once answers his father's letter by assuring him of his obedience.

In later years Frederick was pleased to make the Emperor Charles partially responsible for this marriage. Our object in this paper is not to defend the house of Austria, nor even, directly at least, to provide the reader with means to judge the morality of Ferdinand's later acts towards Maria Theresa. We aim only at seeing what manner of man Frederick was. It is sufficient to quote, against the later, the contemporary Frederick, from whom we gather that Charles had expressed disapproval of the encouragement given to the marriage by the mother of the princess. Frederick thus writes, "I highly applaud the emperor's courier by whom he denounces the foolish behavior of his sister-in-law. How ridiculous in the eyes of the world has this woman made herself, and how it recoils upon her daughter!" Nay, it is evident that the marriage was the king's own personal wish. This too, we learn out of Frederick's own mouth. "What then is the king aiming at? If he wants to make sure of me, that is not the way. Another woman might manage it, but not a *bête*, and it is morally impossible to love the cause of our misfortune."

* Carlyle's translation.

This will suffice to clear the Emperor Charles of the accusation so recklessly flung at him by Frederick. Let us see how Frederick demeaned himself during this trying crisis. Did he protest to his father against this violation of a most sacred and inalienable right, the right not to be forced against his will into a marriage he disliked? Did he at all events speak the truth to his father as to his personal aversion from this union?

As to the first point, we are assured by Onno Klopp that throughout the correspondence there is not a hint from Frederick that his rights are being infringed. Moreover, his own views on the subject are in favor of his father's conduct, recognize, we say, the father's right, without consulting the son, to choose that son's wife. Such was the principle on which Frederick, the king, acted. Some years later, in 1744, the Prussian General Marwitz, resolved on giving his daughter in marriage to a man of his own choice. The girl objected, and obtained the protection of Frederick's favorite sister, Wilhelmina, then Margravine of Baireuth. The loving pair quarrelled about the affair. "You know," he wrote to her, "that the first and most essential duty of a child consists in obedience to the commands of those to whom they owe their life, and that parents have the right to settle the fate of their children." But this difficulty is put at rest by the fact that Frederick claimed far greater authority in this matter than his father did. He had not the rights of paternity over his nephew, the Prince of Prussia, for whom, in 1769, he, as head of the house, chose Frederika of Hesse Darmstadt to wife.

Frederick then on principle was not minded to oppose his father. The father's conduct did not present itself to the son in the light of a violation of the natural or moral law. Any excuse therefore for Fred-

erick's behavior before the marriage or for his vile treatment of his wife after his marriage must be laid upon some other basis than that of an infringement of man's natural rights. Frederick did not recognize these rights as existing, and therefore he did not *resent* their violation. On this side he was not aggrieved. In practice he virtually denied their existence in the Marwitz case: the case of the Prince of Prussia may be treated at least as an *a majori ad minus* argument to prove that Frederick considered his father's conduct as quite within the limits of his authority. We can now read Frederick's letters from the true, that is, from his own, standpoint, and see how his truthfulness, his manliness, his honor shine.

We have already seen that he promptly answered his father's letter by an assent to the marriage. He wrote in the same sense to his mother. He now turned to General Grumbkow. This man was a member of a select coterie, to whom the king used to impart his confidences, and whose advice he often took on affairs of state. They were of course Germans, and their rough manners seem to have been especially offensive to Frederick's refined French tastes. He nicknamed them the Tobacco Parliament, a name which has clung to them in history, and which is probably the chief reason why Frederick's worshippers can never mention them without a sneer. What we know of Grumbkow at least entitles him to every fair-minded man's esteem. At this time Grumbkow appears to have had Frederick's confidence: certainly he had more than once befriended the prince. Frederick considers the princess to be stupid: an irremediable fault which cannot be forgiven. Here is a letter written to Grumbkow a week after Frederick's acceptance of his father's proposal:

"I am delighted to hear by your letter that my affairs are on so good a footing with

my father. . . . If I can secure the favor of the king by obedience, I am ready to do all that is in my power. But I desire that the *corpus delicti* be brought up under her grandmother.* For I should prefer being make a cuckold of, or serving under the fontange† of my future wife, than have a *bête* who would make me angry by her stupidity, and whom I could not bring out without shame. I beg you to work at this business: for when a man hates heroines of romance as I do, he fears grim virtues (*vertus farouches*), and I should prefer the greatest prostitute of Berlin to a pietist woman (*dévoté*) with half a dozen devotees at her back. If it be still possible, she must be reformed (made a Calvinist of). . . Let the princess learn by heart the *Ecole des Maris et des Femmes*: that will be much better for her than John Arndt's *True Christianity*. If, moreover, she would learn to jump to my humor (*danser sur un pied*), learn music, and rather become too free than too virtuous, oh, then, my dear General, then I should feel some inclination for her, and *un éternel* having married *une éternelle* the pair would suit each other. But if she is stupid, I renounce her and the devil. People say she has a sister who at all events possesses common sense. Why then am I to take the older? The younger one is at least as good, and it must be all the same to the king, etc."

It must be borne in mind that Frederick had not, when he wrote this letter, seen his future wife; also as appears from the letter, that his objections to his father's choice touch extrinsic and accidental matters—whether true or not does not concern us; he makes no mention of coercion where coercion is immoral. Finally, his own future behavior justifies in this point his father's present action.

Grumbkow was here on the prince's side. He expostulates with Frederick William, who on his side exposes his reasons for his decision. It is settled that Frederick is not to be unduly pressed, to have plenty of time given him to make up his mind to the marriage.

On the 19th of February, Frederick wrote the following to his

father,* who showed it to Grumbkow at supper:

"Most gracious father,—I have to-day had the favor of receiving my most gracious father's letter, and I am pleased that my most gracious father is satisfied with the princess. She may be what she likes: I will ever live in accordance with the command of my most gracious father, and nothing that happens can please me better than any opportunity I may have of proving to my most gracious father my blind obedience, and I await in most dutiful submission the future orders of my most gracious father. I can swear that I feel great pleasure at having the favor of again seeing my most gracious father, as I most sincerely love and reverence him. For the rest I recommend myself to the constant favor of my most gracious father, and assure him that there is nothing in the world that can change me, while I remain to the end with all most dutiful respect and submission, etc."

Making every allowance for the manners and style of the time, we may be surprised at the effusive gushing in this bit of literature. It is not, however, to be supposed that Frederick's admirers would call the letter a touch of that hypocrisy which he at times reluctantly (!) put on. We will not suppose that he was deliberately cajoling his father, that he was fooling his father in a point where the father's most earnest desires and his own interest and happiness were in question, till the prince proves this to have been the case. Frederick William, on Grumbkow handing him back the letter, said: "What do you think of it?" and proceeded with tears in his eyes, "It is the happiest day of my life." The father of the bride was present; the king embraced him in his delight—a wonderful scene truly for the stern military Frederick William to be the chief actor in. The son's letter was to the father at least real earnest. Grumbkow on his side was inclined to expect a happy turn in the affair. In his letters to the prince he had spoken cautiously of the bride's beauty, which, if not of the highest

* "An airy coquettish lady." (Carlyle.) Apparently more than "airy and coquettish."

† "Species of topknot: so named from Fontange, an unfortunate female of Louis the Fourteenth's." (Carlyle.)

* Letter omitted by Carlyle, who inserts the one to Grumbkow, which follows. Let the reader observe the difference this omission makes.

order, was still considerable, so that, when he saw her he might be pleasantly surprised on this point. The old General then went away from this scene with hopeful feelings. The next morning a letter from Frederick was handed to him, of the same date as that written by the same hand to the king. Of course the subject was the same, and Grumbkow expected the same sentiments here as in the letter above quoted. What then was his astonishment when he read as follows :

"Judge, yourself, my dear General, whether I can be very delighted at your description of the detestable object of my desires. For God's sake, let somebody disabuse the king. . . . I wish he would think that I am marrying not on his account, but on my own. You can let the Duke [her father] know of it some way or other. Whatever comes of it, I will not have her. I have been unlucky all my life, and I believe it is my fate to remain so; a man must have patience and take things as they are. I have suffered enough for a trespass which has been exaggerated. However, I still have remedies; a pistol-shot frees me of my trouble and life, and the all-good God will not damn me for that."

And in this letter occur the passages above quoted* to show that the Emperor Charles did not approve of the marriage.

Here we have two letters, written the same day, one of which is in flagrant contradiction to the other. Frederick evidently had not the moral courage to do what he wanted Grumbkow to do for him. He had not the manhood to say nay in a case in which his own happiness, not to say his inalienable right, was at stake. He strove to make his friend his catspaw; Grumbkow was to brave the anger of the king when Frederick feared to remonstrate with his father. So Grumbkow understood the matter. "How is it," he says in answer to the last letter, "that, while in writing to the king, you agree to everything, you speak to me in the tones of despair, and

want me at my own peril to meddle in this matter?" Here, at least, we do not see on the part of the General the cold calculation, "how if the king should suddenly die upon us?"* Grumbkow saw through the baseness of Frederick's conduct, and without fear of the future king he expressed, as politely as the case allowed, his indignation at such a proposal being made to him. Had the General fallen into the trap set for him and incurred the anger of the king, the dutiful Frederick could easily have fallen back upon his epistle to his "most gracious father," and disowned Grumbkow. Luckily for the latter, the letter sent to him came to hand after he had read Frederick's most obedient effusions to the king. Who, then, can blame the courtier if, impressed with these ideas, he forgot to ask himself, "How if the king should suddenly die upon us?" and wrote sharp words of reproof to the prince? He told the latter how the king had spoken to him at Wusterhausen when the prince was under arrest at Küstrin: "No, Grumbkow, think over this. God grant that I speak not what will come true. My son will not die a natural death, and God grant that he come not under the hangman's hands." And in thus writing, Grumbkow had before his mind the possibility of the king dying on his hands, for he added: "I know that after all this I shall lose your highness's favor. But I am prepared for that, and you will allow me to wash my hands entirely of your affairs."

Possibly it will take many staccato sneers to damage the character of a man who could write such a letter to Crown Prince Frederick.

As might be expected, this free-speaking of Grumbkow drew an exculpatory letter from Frederick. He had not seen, nor did he yet see, how he could be fairly charged with double-dealing or lying. This he

* Omitted by Carlyle, no doubt from inadvertence.

* Carlyle.

writes on February 22d. "Why," says he, boldly carrying the war into the enemy's country, "why did you draw so ugly a picture of the princess?" He next expresses amazement at Grumbkow's anger. "I am, however, quite unaware that I have so absolutely promised the king to marry the princess."

We have seen what was the nature of Frederick's promise to his father, and we look in vain for any retraction. Not a word of expostulation passes from the son, and therefore Grumbkow is perfectly justified in his determination not to interfere. It is a matter of too domestic a character for one without the circle to take in hand when the principal has not the manhood to speak in his own defence. Meantime Frederick William assumed that all was in the right way for a settlement, and under this impression he bade his son write a little more frequently to his bride. This the son did; he did not, however, internally accept the situation that his own deceit had made for him.

"I tell you my views," he wrote to Grumbkow, "just as I entertain them before God." He says that one advantage at least accruing from the marriage will be that he will have the management of his own household; but that, if the king tries to meddle, it will be all the worse for—the princess! "I will not let myself be ruled by women. She may do what she likes, and I shall do just what pleases me. Liberty forever." What this means has been partly before seen from Frederick's own letters—and his life was in harmony with his words. That there might, however, be no doubt about the matter, he added, "I love womenkind, but I love it in a passing way. I only want to get enjoyment from it, and then I despise it." Frederick, when he so wrote, was twenty-one years old.

But in addition, he was on the point of marriage, and these are his

sentiments about women; sentiments which in after life he never changed. We see no signs in his letters of striving after anything better, of any serious struggle with a nobler self to crush out or to quell at least these brutish ideas.

"What the youth [says Onno Klopp] expressed, perhaps half in levity when he said it, the man afterwards held firmly to. He was devoid of the foundation of the moral sense of man; he never knew and never valued the honor and the love of woman. This man's life was barren and empty of love."

Again in this marriage affair, we meet with the Emperor, Charles VI, and under a different light from that under which Frederick in later years represented him. Whatever Charles's reasons were—selfish, political, or disinterested—it still remains, that in the eyes of Frederick his acts were all on the prince's side. He opposed the marriage of Frederick with the Duke of Brunswick-Bevern's daughter. This accounts for the prince's expressions:

"This prince [Charles], who is the wonder of Europe, has only made me know him by his high-souled behavior. I offer him all acknowledgments, and I can assure Count Seckendorf that I have more reverence for the emperor by reason of his extraordinary qualities than on account of his rank. I am unlucky enough not to be able to repay all the care of my friends by my good intentions, but I hope I am not predestined to cause them trouble."

Frederick William, on his side, became testy under the action of the emperor. He declared that he had pledged his word for the marriage, that his honor was at stake, and that he could not break the affair off. His son seconded and encouraged him by constant and repeated assurances of obedience and submission; the obedience we see of a slave, but still obedience before his father, who, however much he might suspect and distrust his son, did not know what was hidden behind the thick veil of lying and hypocrisy

which Frederick spread over his father's eyes.

Most of Frederick's misery arose from his bad and perverse will. The fault was not, he admits, in the princess. "She is neither beautiful nor ugly, nor wanting in sense," he wrote in March, 1732, to his sister; "but she is very ill brought up, timid, and totally behind in manners and social behavior." We need not, of course, believe this latter part, as her own letters, the general esteem and sympathy she won from all who knew her, and the sweet patience with which the deeply injured wife afterwards bore herself, all go to make up a different portrait. She was a lady whose presence would act as a check on his license, or at least as a reproach on his bad life. Frederick wanted to be free, as we have heard him say; he found all he desired in the company of things such as Von Wreech, and hence he could not endure the prospect of being shamed into propriety. "After the marriage I am master, with the permission to pay the sposa a visit now and then. I shall then set myself on a right footing with my father, and shall strive to show him that I know what one is, and that one does not intend to be a thing ready to be guided by anybody."

The preceding letter Frederick wrote to Grumbkow; the following he wrote to his sister—a kindred spirit. "I do not love the princess, I have an aversion for her, and our marriage means nothing; for neither friendship nor union can exist between us. Apart from this the king does not ill-treat me, but he distrusts me, and this cursed marriage is the cause of all my trouble."

"After this fashion," says Onno Klopp, "he lets out his ill-humor and aversion. And the man who so felt dares not even yet openly and resolutely to assert to his father the right of his human personality. He dares not, I repeat, even once say

that it is the right of every man not to be forced to take such a step. He is obedient. But this obedience is the obedience of a slave."

In June, 1733, he went through the marriage ceremony. He at once writes to his sister: "The ceremony is just ended, and thank God that all is over. I hope you will look upon it as a sign of my friendship that I send you the first news of it."

Mr. Carlyle seems to have been fascinated by Frederick's sister, Wilhelmina. Her fearless impartiality in narrating domestic affairs, even at the expense of her father, seems to jump with that writer's humor. She has a caustic pen and is not scrupulous in its use. The English writer loads his pages with passages on domestic quarrels and bickerings drawn from this dutiful princess's memoirs. The German writer whose life of Frederick we are following, declines to make use of her. Her portrait is distasteful enough, even as drawn by the hand of her English admirer. We will now see how her loving brother unconsciously describes her by looking at the nature and tone of the correspondence that passed between them during the closing months of their father's life.

The son in his letters to his father is, as we have seen, full of the most submissive devotion. The father's good pleasure is the son's law. In the said letters this relation between the two lasted to the end of Frederick William's life. The latter died in the May of 1740. Already in 1734, he describes in a letter to his sister the strange whims of the king, and after telling her that he is going to live at Reinsberg, he adds: "Judge for yourself what a pleasure it is to me to get out of this humiliating position." "You may reckon on being spared a visit from Serenissimus," he writes to her on another occasion. In the latter part of this year the king fell sick; upon this event the son thus comments:

"The accounts we receive of the king are

very bad. He is in a bad state, and people think he has not long to live. Now I have made up my mind not to sacrifice my peace of mind whatever happens; for *au bout du compte* I am deeply convinced that, so long as he lives, I shall never have a quiet time of it, and I believe that I shall find a hundred reasons against one to make you also forget him as soon as myself. What makes you so soft towards him, my dear sister, is that you have not for a long time seen him. But if you were again to see him, I think you would let him rest in peace without troubling yourself about him. We will find our comfort in each other, my dear."

The king's life seems to be in danger, and the prince writes:

"I can say to you without disguise, sister, that the king's end is drawing near, and that he can hardly live over the close of this year. We must make up our minds to this, my dear; and though I am in a certain sense distressed, still in compensation I feel great pleasure, because I shall be in a position to serve you, to give you proofs of my good will, and of my regard for you. But, my dear sister, allow me in spite of all this to tell you that my fortune and my life are in your hands. You know that I could not live without you. Permit me then on my knees to beg the favor of a visit from you. If you refuse me this I shall die of distress."

A letter so full of brotherly interest and love deserved a gracious answer. Here it is:

"The favor you show me of allowing me, in the event of a change, to live with you would be very agreeable to me. People tell me that the king is better; but he writes to me with his own hand saying that he is still very ill. To speak the truth, I do not desire that you should again get back into this position; for I greatly fear his ill-humor, as he does not consider his death to be as yet near, and this sickness, as it appears to me, is one rather of a tedious than of a decisive character. The queen is beside herself, and it will be a hard blow to her, although, in fact, she will be all the better off for it. At this very moment the courier is coming in. God grant that the news of your arrival here is true, and that you will be left here till the opening of the great epoch."

Frederick William, however, got so far well as to be able to go to Potsdam. Here he is joined by his son. Baron Seckendorf is our informant on the heir's behavior in the presence of his father.

"The prince is really touched by the state of his father. His eyes are always full of tears, and he has almost cried them out of his head. He has thought out a way of making a comfortable bed for the king. He was unwilling to leave Potsdam, but the king compelled him to do so, and he is to return in a few days. The prince says: 'If the king would let me live as I like, I would give an arm to lengthen his life for twenty years.' The king always calls him 'Little Fritz.'"

The "Little Fritz" was forced away, as we have seen, from the sick-bed of his father. Excessive grief would doubtless have soon impaired his health. However, though at a distance, the young man's heart was still at Potsdam. His father writes to him and is unable to cheer his son with news of improvement in his condition, on the contrary he grew worse. "Fritz" is in deep distress:

"I wish we might hear a good account of my most gracious father's illness; the ardent prayers and wishes of so many people will no doubt have some effect with God. Would to God that I could help my most gracious father; I would willingly give my life for him."

To his sister Wilhelmina he writes in this strain:

"He says he has been sent away from Potsdam to Ruppín; that he is greatly surprised at the king doing this at a time when he is near death. 'In case any misfortune happen, you shall get the first news of it. As for myself, I have nothing to fear and am in perfect peace.'"

Well, both brother and sister, whose instincts in smelling coming death were sometimes at fault, were on this occasion to be disappointed. And the way the "great" Frederick takes his disappointment is interesting. In January, 1735, he says:

"I have to inform you with the greatest astonishment in the world that the king is better. He is beginning to move about, his health is better than mine, and he eats and drinks enough for four. I await [he again says] with impatience the development of the great epoch [the father's death and the son's succession]. The king gets better when he likes and gets worse as he finds it convenient. I was at first deceived, but

now I have penetrated through the mystery. You may depend upon it, my dear sister, that he has, thank God, the constitution of a Turk, and that he will outlive generations to come, if only he thinks proper and takes care of himself."

We still follow Klopp in quoting Frederick's letters, even at the risk of wearying our readers. Commentary on these documents is unnecessary; observations upon them, if omitted, would probably raise suspicion of bias or prejudice.

The next event of any importance to us is the death of the Duke of Brunswick, Frederick's father-in-law. This "sad news," he writes to his father, he thought would almost have terrified him to death, as nobody knew that the duke was ill. "I expect my wife will be very distressed by the event. Therefore I wished to ask my most gracious father whether he would allow me to go to Berlin to console her"—dutiful husband as he was!

To his sister Frederick writes thus: "My God, how entranced I am at the behavior of the Duke of Brunswick! He has had the politeness to die like an obliging man, in order to give his son pleasure."

Frederick William at last died, on

May 31st, 1740, and Frederick became king. It is a curious fact, as Onno Klopp tells us, that twenty-one of Frederick's letters, written between November, 1739, and May, 1740, and therefore presumably of great importance for understanding the prince's frame of mind during his father's last illness, do not appear in what may be called the official edition of Frederick's works. The editor, however, says that all Frederick's letters and his sister's answers have been preserved. That the letters in question were written is proved to evidence by Klopp from Frederick's own words. Were the letters too racy to be published, dealing as they most probably did, with so indifferent an affair as a father's illness and death?

And here, for the present at least, we take leave of our readers. If any of them have ever read any parts of Mr. Carlyle's effusions over Frederick, they may have fallen upon the following passage quoted with approbation by that person from Frederick's writings about himself: *Je n'ai jamais trompé personne durant ma vie.*

Our readers must judge for themselves.

AN IRISH HEROINE.

AN EPISODE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THERE is not, perhaps, in all Ireland, a wilder or more romantic spot than the Giant's Causeway, in the northern part of the island, and there is not, we well believe, in that fair and lovely land more grand and majestic, or more sublime and varied scenery than is to be met with in the County Antrim. Defying the ravages of time, and the incessant warfare of wind and wave, solid and enduring as the mountains that cast their shadows upon it, the Causeway stands, grand in its colossal dimensions, and sublime in its magnificence—a wonder and a mystery to the world. The seagull frets its wing against its basaltic towers, the eagle screams in untrammelled freedom over its thousand pillars, and the waves, when lashed into foam and fury, beat upon it, striking the beholder with awe, and awakening within the soul an intense and abiding feeling of the might and majesty of the Creator. Nor is it alone this singular structure, natural or artistic, whichever it may be, that fascinates the eye of the traveller and kindles his heart with glowing aspirations and pleasurable emotions. Around on every side, save where the ocean rolls, the mountains soar in grandeur and pride, and “Alps upon Alps arise” to sentinel the coast. The bold headlands and promontories that loom far above the sea, the hills, clothed from base to summit in a mantle of heath, the witching loveliness of the peaceful lakes, fringed with a flowery carpet of beauty, and sparkling like gems on the bosom of the valleys, stand unrivalled by any for grandeur and beauty, save only by the Lakes of Killarney. The boasted Campagna, the Lake of Como, the Alpine Hills, and the castellated Rhine have been famed in song and story, and poets and travellers have vied with

each other in rendering homage to their beauty; but there are scenes in Ulster which can compare with any of them, and if these make the heart swell with pride, the sons of the North need not blush for their country.

“There lake and plain smile fair and free
Mid rocks, their guardian chivalry;
Sing oh! let man learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea.”

But it is not of the “men of the North” that we now intend to write. *Their* praise has been hymned by a thousand tongues, and their deeds extolled to the uttermost ends of the earth. In the old land the names of O'Neill and O'Donnell are household words round every patriotic Irish hearth, and in the new, the fame of Montgomery is only eclipsed by that of Washington himself. Ours is an humbler task, and treats of one who moved in an humble sphere of life; but, were justice done, her memory would shine as bright and glorious on the historic page as the immortal Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Saragossa, for the patriotism and fortitude of both were blended in the heart of Jane Campbell, the subject of this brief sketch.

Captain Matthew Cannon was a seafaring man, and held command of a merchant vessel plying between Belfast and Philadelphia. Having won a competence, he quitted the sea and settled down on a small farm in his native county, Antrim, determined to spend the remainder of his days among the scenes familiar to his youth. His cottage stood within hearing of the roar of the ocean as it beat around the Giant's Causeway; and here, on the first day of January, 1743, his daughter Jane was born. Here her early years were spent, and it was, perhaps, her familiarity with nature in the wild and sublime

scenery of this romantic region that nourished the spirit of independence, and the strength of character so strikingly displayed by her in after life amid far-distant scenes. The permanency of the impressions received in childhood is shown by her frequent recurrence, toward the close of a protracted life, to these juvenile associations, to her father, her school, and her youthful companions, and the customs and manners of Ireland.

Unfortunately for Captain Cannon, he lived at a time when the penal laws were ruthlessly enforced in his native land, and the despotic hand of power crushed to earth the liberties and energies of his countrymen. Being of a bluff, honest nature, and despising tyranny in every shape, his heart melted with compassion at the sufferings of the peasantry, who were scarcely permitted to live under the savage rule of a bigoted government, and the savage laws of exacting landlords. Being unwilling to endure what he could not ameliorate, he determined to bid farewell forever to his suffering country, and emigrate to the North American colonies. Disposing of his household effects, he, with his wife and children, embarked for the New World. Jane was just entering in her teens when her father settled down in his new home at Newcastle, in the present State of Delaware. Here they remained for ten years engaged in agricultural pursuits. He then, with his family, penetrated the wilderness to the central part of the State of New York, and fixed his home in the extreme frontier settlement, within the limits of the present county of Oswego, and about seven miles from the village of Cherry Valley.

Foremost among the settlers in this region was an Irish family named Campbell, and from the same part of Ireland as the Cannons. An intimacy sprang up between the two neighbors, and the result was that Jane Cannon was married to Samuel

Campbell, then a young man twenty-five years of age, and distinguished for his energy of character and bold spirit of enterprise. They settled down in their new home to enjoy in peace the blessings which were denied them in their own land, and for years prosperity smiled upon their efforts and rewarded their untiring energy and industry. But a dark day was dawning upon that happy settlement, storm-clouds were gathering over it and casting their ill-omened shadows between it and the sun; the sanctity of the hearth was destined to be violated, and the peace which they had so long enjoyed changed into bloody and relentless warfare. The Revolution was about to burst upon them.

It came, but found them prepared. Captain Matthew Cannon and Samuel Campbell, the father and husband of Jane, were the first to declare for the Colonies. There was scant love in the hearts of these two Irishmen for the red-cross flag of King George. The wrongs inflicted on their native land by him and his predecessors were still rankling in their breasts, and with all the ardor and energy of their natures they engaged in the cause of liberty and independence. As soon as the news of the battle of Lexington arrived, both commenced to enrol the militia; both were on the Committee of Safety, and pledged themselves to the achievement of National Independence. Samuel Campbell was early chosen to the command of the militia in that region; and at the general request, converted his own house into a garrison, where for two years, and until a fort was erected in the settlement, the inhabitants of that exposed frontier were gathered for protection. In all his patriotic efforts, he not only had the sympathy of his wife, but found her a zealous and efficient co-operator. Her feelings were ardently enlisted in behalf of her adopted country, and she was ready to give her own exertions to the cause, as

well as to urge forward those who had risen against the oppressor.*

In the month of August, 1777, Colonel Campbell, with his regiment, were engaged in the disastrous battle of Oriskany, the bloodiest, in proportion to the number engaged, of any of the battles of the Revolution. His brother was killed by his side, and he himself narrowly escaped. In the July following occurred the massacre of Wyoming, and in November, 1778, a part of the same force, composed principally of Indians and Tories, invaded and utterly destroyed the settlement at Cherry Valley. The dreadful tragedy here enacted, says Dunlap, "next to the destruction of Wyoming, stands out in history conspicuous for atrocity." The horrors of the massacre, and the flight, indeed likened the scene to that

"Whose baptism was the weight of blood that flows
From kindred hearts."

Some extraordinary instances of individual suffering are recorded. One young girl, Jane Wells, was barbarously murdered by an Indian near a pile of wood, behind which she had endeavored to screen herself. The wife of Colonel Clyde fled with her children into the woods, where she lay concealed under a large log during a cold rainy day and night, hearing the yells of the savages as they triumphed in their work of death, and seeing them pass so near that one of them trailed his gun upon the log that covered her. Colonel Campbell was absent from home at the time, but the father of Mrs. Campbell, who was in her house, attempted almost single-handed to oppose the advance of the enemy, and notwithstanding that resistance was madness, the brave old Irishman refused to yield till he was wounded and overpowered. Imagination alone can depict the terror

and anguish of the mother trembling for her children in the midst of this scene of strife and carnage, the shrieks of slaughtered victims, and the yells of their savage foes. They were dragged away as prisoners by the triumphant Indians, and the house was soon in flames. The husband and father—who had hastened homeward on the alarm of a cannon fired at the fort, arrived only to witness the destruction of his property, and was unable to learn what became of his wife and children.

Leaving behind them a scene of desolation, the enemy departed that night with their prisoners, of whom there were between thirty and forty. That night of wretchedness was passed in a valley a few miles from the fort. A large fire was kindled, around which they were collected, with no shelter, not even, in most cases, an outer garment to protect them from the storm. There might be seen the old and infirm, and the middle aged of both sexes, and "shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast." Around them on every side gleamed the watch-fires of the savages, who were engaged in examining and distributing their plunder. Along up the valley they caught occasional glimpses of the ruins of their dwellings as some sudden gust of wind or falling timber awoke into new life the decaying flame. What were the thoughts of the poor Irish captives when they awoke next morning to a sense of their painful and hopeless situations, we can hardly venture to describe. In an agony of feeling they knelt upon the ground, and in silence, with uplifted hands, implored that mercy of their God which they dared not expect from man. No word faltered from their tongues, their faces were as marble in paleness, their eyes were turned to heaven, but there was that that flashed from them that showed that their spirits were still unconquered,

* See *Women of the Revolution, and Annals of Tryon County.*

and as Christians they were not afraid to die. Jane Campbell clasped her sleeping infant tighter to her breast, and whispering a few words of hope to her aged mother by her side, resigned herself to her fate. But she was not destined then to die. The position which her husband held in the "rebel" ranks, and the eminent services which he had rendered the cause of independence, caused him to be peculiarly obnoxious to the enemy. The Indians well knew that Jane had constantly aided her father and husband in their efforts against the English government, and had been of great service to the friends of liberty in Cherry Valley. Both were marked for vengeance, and hence Jane and her children were considered as important captives. While the other women and children were released in a day or two after being ransomed by their friends, no such mercy was extended to the Campbells. The Indians after a long consultation approached Jane, and told her that she and her children must accompany them to the land of the Senecas. Her mother, the aged and infirm wife of Captain Cannon, felt conscious that she would never be able to perform the journey. Jane endeavored to tranquillize her mind and sustain her spirit, though she herself felt little hope. On the second day of their journey, her mother became fatigued, and while Jane was endeavoring to aid her faltering steps and encouraging her to exert her utmost strength, an Indian approached and struck her down with his tomahawk. Her murdered parent fell by her side, and the same Indian with his bloody weapon threatened the life of poor Jane if she for one moment stopped or relaxed her speed. Without being allowed to close her dying mother's eyes, or receive her last sigh, she was hurried onward by her savage foes. She carried in her arms an infant eighteen months old, and for

the sake of her helpless little ones, dragged on her weary steps in spite of her failing strength, until the evening shadows covered the forest and the savages rested for the night. The journey was a long, arduous, and melancholy one. The captives were taken down the valley of the Susquehanna to its junction with the Tioga, and thence into the western part of New York, to the Indian Castle, the capital of the Seneca nation, near the site of the present town of Geneva. Here it terminated. "The whole region," says the author of *The Women of the American Revolution*, "was then an unbroken wilderness, with here and there an Indian settlement, and the journey was performed by Mrs. Campbell on foot, with her babe in her arms. Her other children were separated from her on the way, being given to Indians of different tribes, and on her arrival at the village her infant also—the last link that visibly bound her to home and family and civilization—was taken from her. This, to the mother's heart, was the severest trial, and she often spoke of it in after years as the most cruel of all sufferings. The helpless babe clung to her when torn away by savage hands, and she could hear its piercing cries till they were lost in the distance."

A fierce and dreary winter followed, and in the long gloomy nights when sleep brooded over the children of the forest, and the chilly blast of the North swept through the leafless trees, the lonely captive sat in her wigwam communing with her own thoughts, thinking of her lost husband and children, of her father and her friends, knowing not whether they were dead or alive, yet always trusting in the mercies of her Saviour, and hoping for the best. At times, as she afterwards observed when restored to home and family, her mind reverted back to the days and scenes of her childhood, and she in fancy would conjure up be-

fore her the green fields and meadows where in infancy she played, the thatched schoolhouse which she attended, and the brown mountains which bounded her Irish home. The Giant's Causeway, with all its weird and mysterious pillars, was present in her imagination, and she could fancy the breaking of the angry surf against its rocky sides. Thus dreaming of home and friends, the tedious winter passed away.

Jane was placed in an Indian family, composed of females with the exception of one aged man. With the tact which always distinguished her, she made herself useful and agreeable to the Indian maidens and soon secured their confidence. One day an Indian visited her, and observing the cap she wore, said he had one like it and would give it to her. He invited her to his cabin, and pulled from behind a beam a cap of a smoky color and handed it to her, saying that he had taken it from a woman in Cherry Valley. It had a cut in the crown made by a tomahawk, and was spotted with blood. She recognized it as having belonged to the unfortunate Jane Wells. She shrank with horror from the murderer of her friend.

In the meantime Colonel Campbell was making every exertion in his power to recover his wife and children from the Senecas. He sent messengers to all the tribes to ascertain their fate, and negotiate measures for the release of those who might still be alive. He proposed an exchange of Mrs. Campbell and her children for the wife and sons of Colonel John Butler, the noted partisan leader, which was agreed upon by Governor Clinton and General Schuyler. Early in the spring Colonel Campbell dispatched an Indian messenger to Colonel Butler at Niagara. With some difficulty, the exchange was agreed upon, for Mrs. Campbell had so endeared herself to the savages that they were loath to

part with her. At length, in June, 1779, an Indian came to her cabin, and told her that she was free. She was sent to Fort Niagara, where many persons took refuge, preparations being made for an expected attack by General Sullivan. Among them came Katrine Montour, or Queen Hester, as she was called by the savages, a fury who had figured in the horrors of Wyoming. This bloodthirsty female had murdered with her own hand more than a dozen patriot prisoners, captured in the battle. One of her sons having taken prisoner Captain Cannon in the fight of Cherry Valley, and brought him to the Indian country, it may be conceived what were the feelings of his daughter Jane, on hearing her reproach the savage for not having killed him at once, to avoid the incumbrance of an old and feeble man.

For one year Mrs. Campbell remained at the fort in company with her children, all except one, who was still a captive among the Indians. Through the instrumentality of Butler they had been restored to her. In the summer of 1780, she received the first letter from her husband, sent by a friendly Oneida Indian. In June she was sent to Montreal, Canada, where she recovered her missing child, a boy seven years old, whom she had not seen since the day after the massacre of Cherry Valley. He had been with a branch of the Mohawk tribe, and had forgotten his mother tongue, though he remembered his mother, whom in the joy of seeing her he addressed in the Indian language. In the fall she and her children reached Albany, escorted into that city by a detachment of troops under the command of Colonel Ethan Allen. Here Colonel Campbell awaited their arrival, and the trials of a two years' captivity were almost forgotten in the joy of restoration. They remained there until peace was proclaimed, and the British driven out

of the country, when they returned to Cherry Valley, and literally began the world anew. Their land had gone to waste, and was covered with underbrush; all beside was destroyed, and with no shelter save a small log-cabin, hastily put up, they felt for a time that their lot had been a hard one. But the consciousness of having performed the duty of patriots sustained them under misfortune. By the close of the following summer, a more comfortable loghouse was erected on the ruins of their former residence, and the farm began to assume the aspect of cultivation. It was in this house that General Washington was received and entertained on his visit to Cherry Valley, accompanied by General George Clinton and other distinguished officers. It was on this occasion that Mrs. Campbell presented her sons to Washington, and told him she would train them up to the service of their country, should that country ever need their service.

Once settled on the old homestead, Mrs. Campbell's trials and sufferings were at an end, and she was eminently blessed in all things temporal, being permitted in old age to see around her a large and

prosperous family. Her oldest son was the Hon. William Campbell, Surveyor-General of the State of New York. Her second son, James S. Campbell, was for many years a magistrate, and one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in Otsego, while the youngest son, Robert Campbell, of Cooperstown, an able and eminent lawyer, enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of the people of that county. Colonel Campbell, after an active life, died in 1824, at the age of eighty-six. His wife lived, in the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted health, to the age of ninety-three, and died in 1836—the last survivor of the Revolutionary women in the region of the headwaters of the Susquehanna.

Reader, this is but a brief episode in the history of an Irish heroine, one of the pioneer mothers of the West. It is culled from American history, and is true in every particular. There are many such. In the local histories of the thirteen States scores of Irish names appear previous to the war of Independence; names which, in after days, shed honor upon two lands, the land of their birth and the land of their adoption—Ireland and America.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND AND ITS ANSWER.*

AUBREY DE VERE.

THOU Christian Moenad, with thy torch and jar,
 Thou wouldst burn heaven to its remotest star,
 And quench all hell, that thus—beneath, above—
 God might be God alone, and love but love.
 Too proud for gifts! dash down thy jar and torch,
 And learn a lowlier wisdom from the Church.
 Know this, that God is heaven: with him who dwell
 Find love's reward perforce: and theirs is hell,
 (Hate's dread self-prison) who pine in endless night
 From God exiled, or blinded by his light.
 Moenad! thy Thyrsus is no prophet rod—
 Who cancels heaven and hell, must cancel God.

* Through Alexandria there rushed of old a woman with disordered garb that held high in one hand a torch, and in the other bore a jar of water, and cried aloud, "With this torch I will burn up heaven, and with this water I will quench hell, that henceforward God may be loved for his own sake alone."

NATURE'S CHANGES OF DRESS.

THE infinite variety of costume in which Nature decks herself, originate in ninety-two thousand nine hundred and thirty chief designs, and every one of these designs is capable of countless variation. Her numberless shades, her harmonious blendings of color, her rich treasury of shapes and modes are hardly glanced at by the languid eye of fashion. Fashion may, in common with the rest of the world, have heard of the "earth's apparel," but she scarcely knows how the whole is arranged, or where each of Nature's modes most prevails.

In every zone the earth wears a different livery; in every country Nature bedecks herself after a different fashion. But everywhere her garb is many-colored and multiform. The turbaned Indian and the chimney-pot-hatted Englishman are not more widely dissimilar in costume than Nature's dress in India is unlike Nature's dress in England. Her modes are more lasting than the fashions of human kind, for Nature counts life by centuries; we, by seconds. They are less capricious, though infinitely more numerous. For, on a grand scale, Nature follows a definite plan in the ordering and arrangement of her apparel; not perhaps easily seen until we glance with comprehensive eye from the pole to the equator. We then perceive that the method of Nature is directly opposed to the method of man.

As the tribes of men approach the broiling tropics, they divest themselves of heavy and cumbrous clothing, and resort to simple, thin attire. But it is exactly where the tropical sun glows most fiercely, that Nature clothes herself in a dense tapestry of vegetation. In the north, where we muffle our pinched forms in layers of clothing, the earth hardily bares its breast to winter. In the south, where to us even the lightest jacket is op-

pressive, Nature invests herself in a thick and gorgeous mantle. Where moisture is a rare visitant, and where, when it does visit the earth, it comes either in torrents from the sky or in periodical overflows from rivers, the vegetation is of massive spongy texture, with gaping mouths and capacious organs, capable of receiving and retaining large supplies of water. A slow rate of evaporation from the stores thus laid up, cools the surrounding atmosphere; and descending in dew, refreshes the parched soil; or vivifying it, rescues it from barrenness. Perhaps tailors may take a hint from Nature's arrangement of her apparel in the tropics, and furnish us with refrigerating coats for warm climates. Something might perhaps be done in the way of an evaporating coat—a delicious invention which would have the effect of cooling the wearer in proportion to the drought and heat of the atmosphere without.* Botanically speaking, such an arrangement would, as we have seen, be strictly natural. If, however, any delighted Indian, who may chance to read these pages, should feel inclined, in the fulness of his trust in the wisdom of Nature, practically to adopt her method, and inducting himself within a wet sheet, bask in the heat of the sun, let him report his experience; but first, let him consult his doctor.

The laws which regulate the distribution of plants over the surface of the earth, and the predominance of certain forms in special localities, the sumptuary laws of Nature, as we may well call them, since they determine everywhere the nature of the earth's apparel, are peremptory and severe. If we examine the separate elements of the mass of vegetation which everywhere adorns the earth, we are not long before we recognize, in every zone, forms with which we do not meet elsewhere. In every

latitude we find plants to which that special territory is assigned as their domain, beyond which their passport will not carry them, out of which they dare not travel, unless the art and skill of man find them artificial homes. The Gulf Stream may carry the tropic seed to the coasts of Norway, the bird or insect may bear the vegetable germ from Indian woods to plant it in a northern soil; but offended Nature avenges the transgression of her changeless laws. The seed never germinates, but is blighted by the asperities of a new and more rigorous clime. Thus the grape does not cheer the gloomy Northmen, the vine being forbidden to pass beyond the latitude of Berlin. A line extended across Norway and intersecting the east coast of Sweden, bounds the northward travels of wheat. Beyond the barrier which intersects Drontheim, cold winds strike death on all wheaten crops. But farther north, even in climates which the birch can no longer endure, hardy John Barleycorn thrives, and gladdens the hearts of men with honest cake and stout ale. Thus his praises are sung in regions where the more effeminate wheat is unknown.

The most potent viceroy whom Nature has appointed to preside over the distribution of plant-forms, and determine the fashion of the earth's vegetable clothing in every zone, is heat. Heat rules the world of plants with iron sway. Before his red-hot sceptre, all vegetation bows. Accordingly as he distributes his bounteous rays the forms of vegetation are developed. He marks out the earth in regions, and in each he bids one general type of forms to prevail; each has its own fashion. Within these definite limits certain plants are confined by his will. As we journey from the poles to the equator, we pass successively through these belts of vegetation, strictly subjected to the influence of the laws of heat. Passing rapidly from the icy arctic region, clothed only by the red snow-

plant, a simple vegetable-cell, we enter a region of silky mosses, gray withered lichens, and low-stemmed alpine plants with tufts of foliage and of flowers. Next we plunge into a forest-region of dusky gnarled pines and tall needle-leaved firs, whose spreading trunks or mouldering mosses are swathed in a shroud of dull, sedgelike ferns. Traversing a variegated Flora, we reach, across the Drontheim line, where wheat begins, a region in which flourish the oak with its picturesque boldness of branching, the yet more noble chestnut covered with masses of foliage, the lime, and the elm. In this region, smiling meadows alternate with shadowy woods; and the industry of man has covered the face of the earth with rich and fruitful cornfields. Scaling the Alps, we descend into a zone of trees whose shining leaves the winter does not nip; around whose trunks climb the vine-boughs; and where, in summer, the beautiful rock-rose replaces the sweet-scented hyacinth of spring. This is the land where

Through the dark green leaves the gold oranges glow.

More fortunate in our power of return than those martyrs of our race whose ambition to unfold the mysteries of the Niger has hurried them to an early grave, we stretch across the African Desert, and enter the zone where the tropic sun vivifying the earth, moist with the heavy vapor of the ocean, imparts vigor to a matchless race of plants. Here, the slender date lifts its tall head on high, and mighty climbers twine around huge sycamores. The lichen of the North that sits so modestly in russet garb on rock or tree and calls no man's attention to itself, is exchanged for the parasite with gorgeous blossoms that entwines itself with the grasp of a boa-constrictor round some hapless trunk, until it happens to a tree in the tropics, as it has happened in all climates to men, that the strong parasite attains the mastery and kills the stem by which

it rose. Here, too, the leafless spurge prepares nutritious milk or poisonous sap—the one hardly distinguishable from the other, except by careful analysis. The baobab displays gigantic masses of wood that have endured six thousand years; and the dragoon-tree, “embosomed in infinite silence,” recounts with speechless tongue the experiences of fifty centuries of time.

We have passed through the six regions of heat's dominions, in which an ever-increasing warmth of temperature continually gives birth to a richer and more luxuriant vegetation. A more condensed but more laborious view of the compelling influences of heat might be obtained in toiling up the colossal mountains of the tropics; from whose summit man is enabled to contemplate alike all the families of plants and the stars of the firmament. Here, the different climates, instead of being spread over the earth's surface, are ranged one above the other; and heat, watching over the accomplishment of its eternal ordinances, arbitrarily limits the succession of the forms of vegetation; imprisoning each within its proper zone of elevation, as on plain land they were confined within parallels of latitude. From these heights the eye wanders over all the climatal regions of vegetation piled one above the other; surveying at a single glance the feathery palm, the tree-fern with lacelike foliage, the oak, the alpine rose, the yellow wavy grass-fields, and the gray lichen. At their base flourish the banana of the south and the orange; the lofty peaks are clothed with lichens or with eternal snow.

It is here that we most clearly recognize the imperial sway of heat over the vegetable kingdom. It was on the rocky walls and declivities of the Cordilleras that Humboldt first read the laws of heat indelibly inscribed, and demonstrated to us its potent influence in effecting the climatal distribution of organic forms,

and in altering the aspect of Nature. It was a considerable step towards more perfect comprehension of this subject, when he connected with imaginary lines those points on the earth which enjoy the same mean temperature, and found that such “lines of equal heat” coincide with lines drawn to indicate the boundaries within which wheat, maize, rice, the vine, the olive, and other plants, are capable of successful cultivation. These lines of equal heat are far from being parallel with the equator; for local influences strongly affect the temperature of every part of the globe; but to them closely cling the boundaries of vegetation, loyal to the laws of heat, and widely wandering from the parallels of latitude to follow accurately these devious lines which heat has traced for them, scorning the regular tracks which geographers have laid down. Nor does the plant dare to transgress this liminary legislation.

This is the primal contract: these the laws
Imposed by Nature, and by Nature's cause.

Heat, however, is not the sole potentate by whose will the fashions of the earth's apparel are determined. Minor tyrants enforce equally stringent limitations, narrowing yet more the sphere of plant-existence, and the circle within which plant-migration is possible. One of these sub-regents is soil. The plant indigent to the chalky cliff, borne on the wings of the storm to a rocky granite headland, will as surely perish as the tropic shrub transported to an arctic clime. The cause is found in the part which soil plays in ministering to the life of the plant. Nature has ordained that while heat shall control with undisputed sway the chemical changes by which the plant assimilates its food and converts into nourishment the raw material of its growth, the soil shall supply to each some earthy salt or mineral, different in every class of plants, but not the less essential to the life of the individual. Thus the plant is placed

in this respect at the mercy of soil. For, while one plant must obtain a certain amount of lime, another requires potash, and a third silica. But the soil does not everywhere yield to the plant these necessary conditions of its existence; and thus it is enabled despotically to impose a check on the progress of the plant over the surface of the earth. Some classes of plants can only live on turf soil, others in chalk soils, a third in land abounding in soda. It is especially those plants which require an unusual ingredient, or a large proportion of a not uncommon salt, that are most curtailed in their wanderings by the power of soil. Thus tobacco, requiring twenty per cent. of lime and magnesia, is confined to a very few places; and so the great sugar-producing species, abounding in iodine and soda, can flourish only in the sea. In the variety of its chemical character, soil finds the means of binding to special districts all the forms of vegetation. Additional resources are furnished by the differing mechanical conditions of the earth. These have rendered it possible for soil to ordain to some plants a residence on broken rocks; to others a dwelling in loose powdery sand, or rich clayey mould. Hence old Virgil sang,

"Not every plant on every soil may grow,
The sallow haunts the watery ground and low,
The marshes, alders : Nature seems t' ordain
The rocky cliff for the wild ash's reign,
The baleful yew to northern blasts assigns,
To shores the myrtles, and to mounts the vines."

Heat issues its orders that each class of plants shall confine their journeyings within fixed limits. The soil promulgates the decree that even in its wanderings through the permitted space, the plant shall visit only certain localities. Heat sways the fashion of the earth's vegetable mantle in large regions of the earth. Soil

determines how each portion shall be arranged, and where each floral decoration shall be fixed, bringing together plants of a similar nature and arranging them in what botanists have termed social bands.

These laws remain forever changeless in their action. Since the beginning of the world they have coerced all vegetable nature beneath a sway alike salutary and irresistible. Obedient to the laws of heat, vegetation has throughout all earthly time advanced with the increase of temperature, receded with its decrease. How great the changes thus effected, recorded history can tell. But a few centuries ago Iceland still enjoyed a moderate degree of heat, and then still shared in the culture of grain; but with the departure of heat, wheaten crops have also fled, and with difficulty are some scanty ears of barley now cultivated. Clover, as if for compensation, flying from the dry summer of the South, has taken refuge in the moister North. Northern Germany has seen in the last eighteen centuries a most propitious change. The labor of man appears to have gradually conciliated the goodwill of heat, by levelling forests and draining swamps, and cultivating the ground; and, in a spot where Tacitus asserts that not even a cherry, much less a grape, would grow, the generous vine supplies a happier race with rich draughts of noble Rudesheimer.

This, with many other cheering facts, should preserve in us the faith that it is within the vocation and powers of man, by availing himself of the all-powerful influences of heat and soil, to save Greenland from becoming an uninhabited waste of ice, or Palestine from degenerating into a desert,—everywhere, indeed, to resist the abasement of Nature.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

WE were in the bark "John Anderson," homeward bound from South America. There were four passengers—Milford, a young man of twenty-three, Mr. and Mrs. Huskisson, and myself. The captain, two mates, and a dozen men composed the crew. All told we were seventeen souls.

For some days after leaving port we saw little of Mr. and Mrs. Huskisson. "We," means Milford and I. The lady was an invalid, and kept to her cabin, and Huskisson was always there nursing her. He was a very sorry specimen of mankind—little more than five feet high, lean as a phantom, almost bald, with a pale face and an unshorn chin, and with an ugly wound on his cheek, covered with dirty and repulsive strips of plaster that gave him the appearance of having lately figured in a street-brawl. Milford and I, left as we were entirely to each other's society, naturally formed a friendship. At the end of the first week we came to the conclusion that we might leave our fellow-passenger to himself, and abjure his wife's acquaintance, and all its attendant charms (this very satirically) for ever and ever! We promptly nicknamed the gentleman "Husks," occasionally prefixing the adjective "old" out of pure malice, and now and then by way of pleasing variety alluding to him as the "little unwashed."

The skipper was not a bad fellow, but very rough and uncouth. A tacit understanding seemed to exist between him and his two mates that whoever swore the most was the best sailor—possibly a practical, but certainly a pernicious criterion of good seamanship. One could bear with this strong language when it was used to meet the exigencies of sea-craft without, perhaps, being able to understand in what particular branch

of navigation it was necessary, but when it asserted itself in social conversation, and that as universally as the flavor of garlic in Continental cookery, being at the same time (if the simile holds water) quite as strong and much nastier, it made a stranger cautious of entering into argument, especially if he had a weak prejudice against being termed (quite playfully I admit, but none the less emphatically) every vile and hideous epithet in the English language, not to mention having aspersions cast upon the moral character of his kith and kin, with an undisguised conviction continually cropping up that they and he, and the ship, and the crew, and everything animate or inanimate displayed sanguinary tendencies. The consequence was that by the time we had been a fortnight at sea, although the harmony of the ship was in no wise broken, we found that the society on board had resolved itself into four separate cliques—the captain and mates, the crew, Mr. and Mrs. Huskisson, and Milford and myself. Being happy ourselves we were liberal-minded enough to hope that the others were also, but old Husks didn't look it, and we certainly made no effort to cheer him up.

As a rule, on board a ship, where there are not many passengers, the first few days disclose their history, character, and antecedents, and at the end of a week an observant person ought to be qualified to write their biography. But a fortnight passed, and we knew literally nothing of Huskisson. He seldom came upon deck; he took his meals in his cabin with his wife; he was neither civil nor rude to any one, and never spoke except when he remembered to say "Good-morning;" he always appeared to be thinking of one thing while he was doing another, and the atmosphere round about him was re-

dolent of mystery. To curious people he was a most unsatisfactory character, and few could come in contact with him without giving way to the proverbially feminine failing. The skipper knew nothing about him except that the agents had received the passage-money, and beyond that the mariner in his own words cared "nothing and rather less." The mates could inform us that he had one big box (which, to justify the adjective they used, must have contained the souls of lost sinners) in the hold, the stowing of which one of them had superintended. The cook—or rather the individual who was cook in the galley, steward in the pantry, and purser in the cuddy—was the only one on board who had seen Mrs. Huskisson when she came on board, and her face was closely veiled. A glass of whisky extracted the information that she was tall and thin, seemed very weak, and had "light hair—almost white he should say," and that she was dressed in black. This was all that Milford and I could discover, but with a profound sagacity we put two and two together, and arrived at the positive conclusion that Mrs. Huskisson was fifty years of age, very ugly (else why should the old lady hide her face?) a regular vixen in that she kept old Husks tied to her apron strings, and that old age and infirmity were all that was the matter with her. We also decided that her name was Sarah, and her parentage obscure, and finally felt satisfied that her husband had been "let in" over her, and was now a martyr to the marriage ceremony, which he had probably gone through in a fit of youthful despondency, timidity, or intoxication. In short, failing all reliable information on the subject, we invented what we wanted to know but didn't, and tortured ourselves into a perfect belief in it, that being a cheap and easy way of satisfying our curiosity. Whenever we discussed the subject we always began

by "feeling sure," or "being confident," "or really thinking;" and if any one had suggested that our suppositions were vague and erratic, and merely the result of imagination or guesswork, I doubt not but that we should have felt very much hurt and offended.

When old Husks first shipped he didn't by any means look lively and well, and instead of improving day by day under the grateful influence of the sea voyage, he grew worse and worse. He got as pale as he consistently could with a very dirty face; he was continually passing his hand over his forehead as though suffering from a chronic headache, his eyes grew red and watery, and the lids hung heavily over them, as in a man who has been long deprived of sleep; the steward declared he ate little or nothing, now and then he would produce a hard ship-biscuit and gnaw at it almost mechanically, returning the fragments left over to his pocket again; it seemed an effort to him to move, and when he managed to crawl up the cuddy-stairs and slouch on deck, he would get to one particular spot and hold on to the rails for a few minutes, while he breathed in the fresh sea air as a man might who had been nearly suffocated, then he would seem to suddenly remember himself and hurry back to his cabin.

One morning just after we had entered the tropics, when the weather was beginning to grow uncomfortably hot, old Husks came up on deck for his usual "snorter"—for such was the irreverent term Milford had given it, who averred that he neither breathed nor inhaled the air, but *snorted* it in with great gasps and spasms. We were lounging on the poop under the shade of the awning, and the poor man was at his customary place, holding on to the starboard-rail with one hand, and nervously passing the other over his forehead, his eyes fixed on the waves as they undulated and melted past.

"Poor fellow!" said Milford compassionately, breaking the silence we had kept whilst regarding this strange figure. "He looks just about played out, doesn't he? I say, we are rather rough on him. Let us go and wake him up a bit. It will do him good."

So we strolled towards him and bade him good morning.

"Eh?" he answered vacantly without lifting his eyes up from the sea.

"Good morning, Mr. Huskisson. Hope you're pretty well," I repeated.

"Ah!" was all he said.

"Fine day," ventured Milford, giving my arm a nudge.

No answer. The eyes were still fixed on the sea, the hand resting on the forehead, the mouth open and drinking in the air by gasps.

"Are you not well, Mr. Huskisson?"

"Well? Oh yes, pretty well," he replied wearily, and the hand travelled down to the wound on his cheek, and nervously fumbled it, but the eyes were still vacantly fixed on the sea.

We were hesitating before we made another remark, when suddenly there came a sound of loud knocking from directly underneath our feet. Huskisson started as he heard it, and with a scared look on his face pushed unceremoniously past us and hurried down below.

"Whose cabin is underneath here?" I asked of Milford.

"Let me see—why, it's old Husk's, of course," he answered. "Hullo! Listen!"

We could hear confused sounds as of people talking loudly and disputing.

"I will, I will, I will!" shrieked a woman's voice, and then some words in a deeper tone which we could not distinguish.

"She's giving it him hot," was Milford's brief comment. "There they go again."

"I will go, I will go!" came up

from the cabin below, and then after a short interval, "That's enough. No more words. Don't touch me. Open the door!" and we heard the key turn in the lock and the door flung violently open.

"Now for the great secret," remarked Milford, as we walked aft and took up a position that commanded the cuddy-stairs.

We had not long to wait, for in less than a minute, Mr. and Mrs. Huskisson appeared, and walking to the skylight bench she sat down, while her husband stood by her side.

Milford looked at me and I at him. It would be hard to say which of us showed the most astonishment. This was what we saw:

A lady of about thirty years of age, tall, slight, and erect, her features classically perfect in every detail, and with an imperious and commanding expression, all her hair shaved off her head with the exception of two long and beautiful locks that streamed down on each side of her forehead, and of a marvellous color, something between silver and gold, that shone and glistened wondrously. Her face was pale and wan, and her blue eyes strange and restless. The outline of her bare head was beautiful and finely shaped, but it made one shudder to look at it and to think of the wealth of hair of which it had been robbed. Her hands were long, thin, and white—so delicate that it was painful to look at them folded on her lap, and almost shining against the black color of her dress, which hung loosely about her, and told a mournful tale of illness and prostration. Upon her lips there was a smile such as you might see upon a dead person's face, stoical, unalterable, immovable as though carved in marble, expressive of nothing, and yet not without expression, something that chilled and did not gladden those who saw it. She sat on the bench rigid and motionless, yet not without a certain great dignity that made you glance

at her as you might at a queen, fearful lest you should be caught in a furtive act. There was nothing to show that she was alive and conscious save the restless wandering eye that stole with unsatisfied wonder at every object in view, even as a child's. There was something in the picture that was beautiful, yet pitiable—fascinating, but full of vague terror, and behind her stood the mournful figure of her husband in striking contrast.

"She is out of her mind," whispered Milford. "Don't let us stare at them. Come! we will go for'ard. Poor Husks!"

We passed on behind them, and left him standing by her side like a sentinel, looking down upon her with a sad, half timid look as she sat there, calm and complacent—a figure moulded in wax, a statue wrought in stone, a picture wondrously limbed—faultless in every detail, admirable in conception, perfect in execution, and yet almost unreal; something impossible to imagine, something to be regarded almost with superstition.

Milford was the first to break silence.

"And he called her *Sarah*!" was all he said, and he looked down on to the deck as though thoroughly ashamed of himself, and after a few minutes repeated it again.

We mutually regarded the name as implying something disparaging. I do not know why, it was an idea of Milford's, possibly it was the name of his stepmother, for he had one who had been instrumental in banishing him from home, and whom, the further he wandered, the more he pleased, and the more he hated. The prejudice against the appellation was a strange idiosyncrasy of his, and I caught it by contagion. At any rate, in this present misapplication it almost sounded like a vile epithet.

"Milford," I said in a tone of conviction, "our surmises didn't hit the mark."

"Scarcely," he replied, and then added, "I feel as though I owe Husks an apology. I'd be relieved if he had me up for libel."

For a full hour we remained chattering on the fore-castle-head, recalling, half jestingly, half seriously, all our calumnies, and abjuring forever more the moral athletic exercise of jumping at conclusions.

It was not until the dinner-bell rang that we returned aft, noticing as we went down the cuddy-stairs that Huskisson and his wife were in exactly the same position as that in which they had been when we had left them.

From that day jokes about "old Husks" lost all their relish. Henceforth he brought his wife on deck every morning, and for hours stood by her, not speaking a word, but watching her closely and anxiously. She never took any notice of him, never once looked at him save by accident, and when he touched her she would recoil and shrink back with an air of repugnance. When she rose up to go downstairs she would pass by him as though unaware of his presence, and he would humbly follow her—almost with the air of a mourner following a funeral, and when they had reached her cabin the door was locked, and we did not see her again till the following day.

By degrees we came to make Huskisson's acquaintance, for his secret once out, a heavy load seemed to have been lifted off his mind, and he became less reserved. We assured him of our pity and sympathy, and offered any assistance that lay in our power. For this he thanked us, and said he would feel very grateful if we would "keep an eye" on her, for she wasn't "very well," and he was getting tired out with watching and anxiety, but "poor wife couldn't help it." The doctor had said it was imprudent to take her up on deck, but what could he do? She would go, and he hadn't the heart to deny her, poor love! They had

been so happy till quite lately, and the shock had knocked him over. He had been a strong man once, but he'd had trials to bear. We were very kind, and we must make excuses for him, for he was tired out, quite tired out with watching and anxiety. It was an awful thing to have a wife ill like she was—and he put his hand up to his forehead and looked as weary and miserable as a man could.

One day as we were sitting playing "bezique" in the cuddy he came out of his cabin with a faint smile on his face—the very first we had ever seen there, and walking up to us he sat down.

"She's better," he said in a glad, grateful voice; "much better, I think. She called me by my name, and hasn't done so for six months before. Much better, thank God! And we are homeward bound, eh? She'll soon be well when we get her home, won't she? She thinks I'm dead, you know—that I am a corpse, and doesn't like to touch me. Oh! it is an awful thing, is it not? But she doesn't know any better, poor love! Never mind! we are homeward bound at last, and she'll soon get well."

He seemed happier that day than we had ever seen him before. He took his wife up on deck, and tried to amuse her by reading to her, and when she took the book out of his hand to look at a picture, his whole face lighted up, and he smiled to us behind her back and shaped his mouth into expressing: "Bet-ter—much—bet-ter."

In the evening when he had put her to bed, he again came into the cabin and sat down.

"Much better, much better," he whispered, leaning over and pointing to the cabin where she was. "Ah! it's been a terrible trial, but I think it's beginning to pass away. She said to me to-night: 'Are you dead?' and I said, 'No, dear.' And then she looked at me and smiled.

She's had the fever, you know, oh! very badly. So had I, but I was not nearly so ill. That is why they shaved her head. Such hair! oh, it was a sight! you should have seen it! Almost seemed cruel to cut it off, but the doctor said it must be done. But never mind, never mind! we're homeward bound, and she'll soon be right again."

His head fell heavily on to his hand, and leaning on the table he seemed lost in reverie.

When our game was concluded we left him muttering to himself every now and then, "Thank God! Much better—homeward bound—thank God!"

The next day he seemed more anxious than ever. "She is worse to-day," he whispered hurriedly as he passed us. "It's the hot weather—no breeze in the cabin." The sun was beating down with a fierce heat and the atmosphere was almost stifling. Presently he came up on deck looking faint and frightened, and bewildered. "I can't get her up to-day," he said. "She's growing worse and worse down there. For God's sake tell me what I am to do. I seem to be losing my memory and can't think of anything. She declares she won't go up amongst the dead men on deck. There! Listen! that's her singing. It's a funeral hymn! Oh! she is terribly bad." And he hurried down again, muttering to himself as he went, by way of consolation, "Homeward bound, homeward bound."

The hot weather we encountered for the next few days affected not only Mrs. Huskisson but her husband also, and we began to be seriously alarmed on his account. He seemed quite worn out, mentally and physically. He forgot names and mistook the captain for the steward, and asked the two mates if they were not doctors. Day and night he watched and tended his wife and would accept no assistance. The ruling thought was always in his

mind, "She's my *wife*," he would say, "my poor mad wife, and I'll look after her till I drop down dead. No one shall say I didn't do my duty by her." She, poor thing! had grown very irritable. One moment wanting one thing, another another. If she was in her cabin she insisted upon going into the cuddy, then up on deck, then forward to the fore-castle, then back to her cabin, constantly changing, and as restless as people so afflicted alone can be, while poor Huskisson followed her all the time. Then she would demand fruit and ice and other luxuries which it was impossible to obtain, and being denied them a paroxysm of rage would seize her that would last until she was utterly exhausted. At night she would refuse to sleep and keep her husband watching her till morning broke, and then she would order him out of the room, and refuse to be quiet until he had gone, and so to pacify her he would leave her to herself and lie down on the cuddy floor outside her cabin, where he would sink into a fitful and uneasy slumber.

We were still in the doldrums and the heat was most oppressive. There had been a calm more or less for ten days, and the sun striking on the deck of the ship had warped and wrinkled the planks and blistered the paint-work. It was getting on for full moon, and the evenings were the only time when the atmosphere was bearable.

One night, as Milford and I were sitting on deck smoking our pipes, the captain strolled up to us, and pointing to the horizon remarked a small cloud looming up. "We shall have a squall, soon," he said, "and if it only lasts long enough, it ought to take us into the trade wind. Then, with luck, we ought to be home in a month!"

"There's Mr. and Mrs. Huskisson," said Milford, suddenly. "What is she doing up on deck now, I wonder? Poor Husks is'nt fit to look

after her; he ought to keep her down at this hour."

The two had moved to their usual place. She was dressed in a long loose white gown—a most unusual thing, since one of her fancies was that she was mourning for her husband. For a quarter of an hour she remained quietly watching the sea and sky, casting up her eyes to the moon, and then down to its quiet reflection on the glass-like water, with a look of wonder in her face. Her husband stood behind her, true to his trust. Despite illness, anxiety, weariness, utter prostration, he staggered to his post, and stood like a Spartan sentinel with his creed comprised in the single word "duty." And there he watched the woman he loved, and who was divided from him by a deeper, blacker and more awful chasm than the gulf of death itself.

Milford, the captain, and myself had strolled aft, and were leaning over the taffrail chatting. Custom and familiarity harden the senses, and we had come to regard Huskisson and his wife as the victims of an affliction which was preordained and unavoidable, and which, though deserving of great sympathy, could not be cured or bettered by objections, discussions, or continually expressed pity.

"That squall is coming on," said the captain, presently. "Huskisson had better take his wife down below or she will be frightened," and he went up to where the pair were sitting and pointed out the impending breeze.

"Come, my dear," said Huskisson, as he tenderly placed his hand on his wife's shoulder. She recoiled from his touch as usual but made no answer. He was waiting patiently before he addressed her again, when suddenly she rose up and taking a few steps forward reached the side of the vessel. At this moment, though the clouds had not yet reached us, the wind began to rise, suddenly as

it always does in those seas, and we could see the ripple on the surface of the water coming nearer and nearer. The ship began to make way, and the captain went forward to give orders about trimming the sails. Then we saw Mrs. Huskisson stretch out her long thin arm and point to the reflection of the moon which had just begun to dance upon the rising waves now ruffled by the breeze. "The white thing is going away," she said, and that moment a bank of clouds rolled up and obscured the moon and its reflection vanished.

"It is gone," she cried. "Let us go too!" and turning round she motioned to her husband to lead the way. The moment he had passed her she suddenly stepped back, and pointing to the sea, sprung overboard with her arms stretched out and crying, "The white thing! the white thing—I must follow it!"

Milford and I rushed forward, but only in time to prevent poor Huskisson following his wife. The breeze had freshened, the squall was upon us, the ship reeled terribly over to one side and was moving rapidly through the water.

"Let me go! let me go!" shouted the poor man. "It's my wife, I tell you! She can't swim! It's all my fault! I have a right to go! Hands off! Oh! my God, it's dark—where is she?"

The bark was dashing through the sea, the wind blowing with fearful force, and torrents of rain falling. All round it was black and thick and we knew the poor woman was lost forever. The alarm was given, and the captain coming to our assistance we led Huskisson down below and locked him in his cabin.

"I can't do anything," said the skipper, "except heave the ship to. She's lost!"

We remained with Huskisson all that night. He implored us, he threatened us, he tried stratagem, he fought with us, he used every means

in his power to prevail upon us to let him go on deck, "just to look for her."

Finally he threw himself on his wife's berth and burst into an agony of passionate tears and lamentation, and so gradually fell into a deep slumber, utterly worn out and exhausted.

Morning dawned and found us speeding on our way. Nothing had been seen of the poor woman—and, indeed, nothing but a miracle could have saved her. Huskisson was still asleep, alternately crying out and moaning in his dreams. We aroused him with difficulty, and gave him some nourishment. He was passive and quiet, and we found that he had lost his reason.

He was terribly weak and harmless, and never spoke. We mentioned his wife's name, and he winced but that was all. Day succeeded day, and physically he grew a little better and stronger, but he lay on deck an almost hopeless invalid, looking up at the sky and at the sea and heeding no one.

The voyage was an unusually slow one. Light winds and a calm prevailed, and kept us back, but at length we sighted land. It was in the month of August, and the weather was fine and warm. About a week before we reached home Milford and I were on deck one evening sitting by Huskisson. The "John Anderson" was slipping through the water before a fresh breeze, and the phosphoric light was glistening in the sea with peculiar brilliancy. Huskisson noticed it, and for at least half an hour lay watching it. Then turning to Milford he said, "Look at the white thing; it is my wife. She is following us home." It was the first word he had spoken since the fatal night. Presently he spoke again. "We are homeward bound, and I shall meet her there soon!" We carried him down and put him to bed, and when he had fallen asleep, left him.

The next morning his cabin door was open and he was missing. He had unscrewed the lock and taken it off the door, and so got out. It puzzled us for a long time what instrument he had used (for we had been careful to leave nothing dangerous in his reach) and we found he had worked away at the screws with some brass buttons, for we found four or five bent ones on the floor. The man at the wheel had heard a splash in the night but had paid no heed to it. We found poor

Huskisson's hat lying on the deck close to the spot from whence his wife had sprung over into the sea, and no doubt remained as to his fate.

"Do you remember," said Milford to me that evening, "what poor Huskisson said last night about the white thing in the water, and how it was his wife following him home?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Well! I think he *has* joined her, and that they have both reached Home."

COMFORTED.

My heart was heavy to-night,
And my eyes with weeping dim;
In God there is found delight,
But I doubted even him.

And the moon seemed proud and cold,
And the stars like mocking eyes;
And my heart so worn and old,
And life such a thing of lies.

And the thing we need the most—
The grace that baptism wins—
How soon, I sighed, it is lost
In a world of griefs and sins.

And then in my heart I pondered
"There is joy for those who search;"
And I left my room and wandered
Away to the village church.

I lifted the doorway curtain—
("As light, O God, were my sin!")
I sobbed) and with step uncertain
I timidly entered in.

The people and priest were kneeling,
The censer on high was swung,
The organ ceased in its pealing,
And a silver bell was rung.

Each head to the breast descended,
The priest to the people turned;
The benediction was ended—
No more had the sense discerned.

"No more?" you ask, and you wonder
My heart should be calm and light:
No more—and yet far asunder
Are I and my grief to-night.

LE PAYS DE GAVOT.

"THE finest trees I ever saw are on the Savoy shores of the lake of Geneva: the chestnuts and oaks with the blue lake gleaming through them form a picture that is really unrivalled."

"Ah!" replied the gentleman to whom I addressed the above remark; "I was there some years ago, and passed three months painting those trees." And he applied himself busily to transfer to his canvas the effect of a misty cloud that had become entangled among the gray peaks of the Dent du Midi. "But you surprise me," he recommenced; "I did not know that any one but artists visited the Pays de Gavôt."

"The hotels are improved," I replied; "and there is now no trouble about passports, and very little with the custom-house. People will begin to go there soon."

"No," he answered; "travellers are just like sheep: one follows the other along the same beaten track, and no one will go there until somebody writes a book about it; which is much the same thing as the first sheep leaping a hedge."

I turned away and continued my walk along the Swiss valley, wondering why it was that so few of the many tourists who steam along the lake of Geneva deign to visit its southern shores. The stream of travellers sets in one unbroken direction from Geneva to Lausanne, and Lausanne to Vevey. They stare with all their eyes at the low, arid, and burnt-up slopes—so profitable to the possessor, so uninteresting to the spectator—that spread from Coppet to Vevey; but they neglect the velvet lawns and park-like glades of the opposite shore. The character of the scenery on the Swiss side is almost invariably the same; the sloping lands are carefully freed from trees, covered—or one might say, spotted

and freckled—with vineyards of stunted vines, traversed by roads without shade, and only diversified here and there by small plebeian houses of the purest white, relieved by shutters of the liveliest green. All the signs of peace, comfort, and rustic prosperity abound; but there is neither beauty nor romance, nor any trace of that rugged half-dilapidated neglect that helps to form what is termed the picturesque. Almost the only charms that greet the traveller's gaze lie in the blue waters that flow beneath his feet, and the purple glades and snowy mountains that crown the shores of Savoy.

If we turn to this neglected region, we shall be struck with the contrast. Here brilliant slopes of green turf rise to broad and richly cultivated terraces, shadowed by forests of oak and mighty Spanish chestnuts, some of them coeval with Humbert of the White Hands, the founder of the royal house of Savoy. The roads are bordered with gigantic trees—many of these in May bursting into flower, in autumn brilliant with fruit. The mountain streamlets rush down the wooded clefts, and breaking into foam over the wheels of the old dilapidated water-mills, bubble onwards, sparkling over many a mossy stone, and diving beneath many an overhanging rock, until they shine forth again in the full beauty of their bright waters, as, in the course of their long descent to the lake, they perform the same service again and again. The villages, with the houses standing apart, each in its own orchard; the farm-houses, with their time-embrowned walls and broad balconies, sheltered by vines and creepers, and half-filled with farming utensils, so different from the trimness of a Swiss chalet even among the mountains—yield a picture at every turn. But as many a

landscape painter has been driven to despair by the failure of his attempts to portray the cottages of Savoy, surely a mere word-painter is justified in giving up all attempts to describe them, or the ancient manor-houses, whose lofty towers and conical gables contrast so forcibly with these humbler abodes. Who would not, then, give the preference over the dusty shores of the Canton de Vaud to these green lawns, that rise above the blue waters of the Mediterranean of the Alps, and, crowned by churches, towers, and ruined castles, stretch from richly cultivated terrace to terrace, until they rest against the steep rocky hills clothed with rugged and scattered pine woods that form the background, and are only divided by narrow valleys from the snowy Alps and the monarch of the mountains—Mont Blanc himself.

The road from Geneva to the frontier of Savoy passes along a plain, that might be deemed monotonous but for the view of the encircling mountains. One of these, La Môle, is of a conical form; the châteaux of La Tour are nearly the highest on the mountain, and most of the grass is kept for hay. It would be impossible to carry it down the mountain for winter feeding; but the villagers adopt a simple method. They wait until the storms and freezing winds have covered the sides of the mountain with hardened snow; then, the young men climb to the top, pack the haycocks into circular nets, and roll them down from the summit to the women and children who are assembled to receive them below. This is the great fête day of the village, and it is celebrated with shouting, singing, dancing, and every kind of festivity. Although these hills nearly encircle the town of Geneva, they belonged to Savoy, and are now therefore annexed to France; along the shores of the lake, however, the actual frontier is not passed until we reach the village of Devoine.

We must linger a few moments in

the noble park and shady woods of Condre. Wild and savage as this forest seems—full of trees of a height and magnificence of growth rarely seen—it yet, with its wide avenues and leafy glades, forms the ground-plan of the regularly-built, uniform and almost wearisomely-monotonous city of Turin.

The road now trends inwards, and after a few miles the traveller reaches Thonon, the capital of the province. There is here little to detain us; but our attention is attracted to the ruins of an ancient castle crowning the twin peaks of a precipitous hill on the right. Here stood the château of Allinges, a place of famous strength in ancient days. The inscription over the ancient and humble chapel tells us that here the Bishop of Geneva, St. Francis de Sales, "*Lacrymas et preces fudit*," poured forth tears and prayers while he was laboring to reconvert the people to Catholicity. Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, after a long struggle, expelled the Protestants of Berne, who had conquered the country and were then in possession; and at his earnest entreaties the Bishop of Geneva came to aid him in uprooting the doctrines they had implanted in his people's mind. "*Lacrymas et preces fudit*," I muttered to myself, and pondered over the causes that excite these in most men. That their fortune may not be lost—that a wife or a child may be spared—that a calamity threatening their own comfort may be averted—for these, men have tears and prayers; but that a country may be saved—that a mass of ignorance and barbarism may be illumined by the perception of the truth—for this, how few can find a prayer or a tear!

"*Lacrymas et preces fudit*," I repeated to myself, and with dry eyes entered the humble sanctuary. Poor and plain, simple to ruggedness, naked to austerity, dark and lonely as was that chapel—twice buried under the ruins of the castle—twice, it is

said, miraculously preserved—there was about it the same peculiarity that has been noticed* of other places of frequent pilgrimage and constant devotion. The walls appear to be impregnated with and redolent of prayer; there appears to be a whisper of prayer breathing around the place, and the walls seem to give out and surround you with an atmosphere of prayer. Where so many breaking hearts have offered up their vows—where so many sighs have been breathed—where so many graces have been obtained—where for generations past the weary and way-worn, wounded in life's battle, have brought their sorrow and despair—the very stones appear to have been mesmerized by the influence of human supplication, and to cry to one as one enters, "Great is the power of prayer—great the peace to be obtained here by prayer!" The present condition of the country gives witness that the bishop had not striven in vain. Too often, in the Middle Ages, do the inhabitants of a country appear without scruple or opposition to have adopted the form of religion professed by their rulers. In this case, however, the effect of the Saint's efforts has been permanent enough to withstand repeated revolutions and changes of dynasty. In a celebrated debate on the dissolution of monasteries, in the Sardinian parliament, Count Cavour declared that the part of Victor Emmanuel's dominions where the Church was most respected was Savoy.

And this same feeling caused the people to rejoice when, in 1860, they were delivered from Piedmontese rule and reunited to France.

I forced my way through the thick brushwood to the other peak. The view from this point is unrivalled. The Lake of Geneva is seen in its full extent; and *Le Petit Lac*—the narrow part of the lake that extends from the promontory below you to

the city of Geneva—appears the sapphire-like handle to this crystal basin. An English lady is said to have observed that "it looked like a gigantic silver fish-knife;" and though her simile may be unpoetical, it is not untrue. The towns on both shores are to be seen. Lausanne, from its elevated position and noble cathedral, makes a fine object on the opposite shore; and the view reaches onwards to the hills that border the Lake of Neufchatel and the wooded chain of the Jura. Below our feet lie the broad plains that lead to the river Dranse; and beyond it the eye runs along the green woods that, interspersed with fields, "bear both corn and wine," and descend by a succession of terraces to the margin of the lake; or if our eyes follow the elevated table-land, with its gloomy forest of pines, and pass over the Castle of Lorringes and the Church of St. Paul, they will rest with pleasure upon the rugged peaks of the Dent d'Oche and the gloomy heights of the Dent de Jaman. With the exception of these jagged mountains, the country in front of us is characterized by richness, fertility, and plenty; but if we turn our back to the lake, the scene is strangely altered. We see deep valleys, shut in on the further side by precipitous rocks bristling with the shaggy pines that plant themselves wherever they can gain a footing; the cottages and little hamlets stand far apart, and seem to wish to separate from each other as far as the mountain barriers that shut them out from the rest of the world will allow. A painful air of isolation and sterility is spread over this scene of savage ruggedness, but hardly of grandeur.

Before we reach the river Dranse, a road to the left—so an old battered-looking person informs me—leads to the ancient palace and monastery of Ripaillé. The beauties of this spot tempted Amadeus, first Duke of Savoy, for cowl and beads to lay down his "ducal" battle-axe and crown.

* Ida, Countess Hahn-Hahn. Maria Regina.

The life led by him and the five courtiers who with him made the attempt to enjoy that *otium cum dignitate* which is so difficult of attainment, has made the word "Ripaillé" pass into a proverb; and "faire Ripaillé," all through Savoy and France, is a proverbial expression, that means to make good cheer. As, although shorn of its former magnificence, and a prey to neglect and dilapidation, the old castle is one of the sights of the country, the old peasant offered to show me the way.

A monastery of Augustinian monks stood here; and by the side of the conventual buildings Amadeus established his castellated palace. It was divided into seven sets of apartments, which opened into seven gardens and seven fields. The whole was defended by seven lofty towers, and surrounded by a large walled park planted with trees, and traversed by seven avenues. Here the duke with six companions retired, and founded the order of Cavalier Hermits of Saint Maurice, still the highest order of knighthood in the gift of the House of Savoy.

In life he did not long enjoy the repose he coveted, and not even in death have his bones been permitted to rest quietly in their sepulchre before the high altar. In 1536 the Protestant canton of Berne overran and mastered the Chablais. Both as monk and duke Amadeus was equally hateful to them. They broke open and defaced his marble sarcophagus. His remains, however, were preserved from outrage, and removed first to Turin and then to Hautcombe, on the Lake Bourget, where they have long remained under the guardianship of his favorite Augustinian monks. Surely not without some reason did these black-robed guardians of the grave deem that, in virtue of the fifty or sixty dead kings and queens, princes and princesses of the reigning house, who were confided to their custody, they might expect to escape the common sentence of

ejection pronounced against their order by the Parliament of Turin; but their defence availed them nothing, and they have been driven out into poverty and exile. The requiem of the would-be pope is now sung by the silver waves of the lake as they dash against the abbey, instead of the Gregorian chants of the cowed brotherhood he loved.

Musing much over thrones and cloisters, kings and monks, I retraced my way to the river Dranse.

The Dranse is a devastating mountain torrent. In summer a few scanty streamlets diversify its broad stony bed; but in winter it often rushes down to the lake, sweeping away and overflowing its banks and spreading havoc and devastation. It makes, however, some amends by floating down loads of cut timber from the mountains of Biot and Abandonne. This timber is sometimes carried out into the lake and washed on the shores of the Swiss Canton de Vaud; it is then not recovered without difficulty, and sometimes only by means of a prosecution for theft.

The country we now enter was anciently called the Pays de Gavôt. From this bridge, which, "with its tedious but necessary length, bestrides the wintry flood," to the rocks of Meillerie and the little frontier village of St. Gingolph, the country is one of the most enchanting that can be imagined; and we only trust that some of our readers may be induced next summer to transport themselves to the town of Evian, the ancient capital of the Pays de Gavôt, and that, fixing themselves in one of its many excellent hotels, they will traverse these wooded walks and linger in these rustic villages, and judge for themselves of the charms of the country. It is not a place for a mere tourist to run through: sloping lawns, rustic villages, ruined castles, magnificent trees, and beautiful views of woodland scenery, through which the blue lake at his feet gleams like one large sapphire,

will not detain one whose heart is longing for the snowy heights of the Bernese Oberland, the savage grandeur of the Lake of the Four Cantons, or whose ambition is to distinguish himself in the annals of the Alpine Club as a mountaineer. But let those who wish to pass a peaceful fortnight in scenery whose chief charm is its perfect repose; let those who wish to realize to its full the charm of leisure, come here; and even if we have led them to expect much, they will not be disappointed. Half way between the bridge and Evian stands the hamlet of Amphion. There is here an iron spring greatly celebrated in ancient days, and which was much frequented by the princes of the House of Savoy. Since, however, the waters have been analyzed they have lost their fame, and the hotels and gardens are chiefly frequented by those who are taking the baths at Evian, but who prefer a quieter residence; and what can be quieter and lovelier than this casino built on the edge of the lake, and whose saloons, once built for gambling, now echo no more the roll of the roulette-ball, nor the cry of the croupier, but only hear the whisper of the fisherman in the balcony, as he gracefully impales a worm for the lady by his side, and the sound of the float as it drops from the window into the transparent waters of the lake.

Tall cherry trees border the road from here to Evian; from their fruit is made the "kirch," which is the favorite liquor of the country. The vine is here cultivated in a manner peculiar to the district. Large dead trunks of trees—many of them fifty feet high—are stripped of their bark and planted in the ground, and the vines are trained to festoon themselves on the gnarled trunk and withered branches. It is most strange to see these weird-like fantastic-looking trees encircled by the green verdure of the vine-leaves and the luscious bunches of the fruit; gaunt and

struggling, they seem to stretch forth their dead arms in amazement and horror at their outward appearance of rejuvenescence; and they remind the sentimental traveller of the cruelty of Mezentius, or of that almost equally sad union that links youth and beauty to richly-dowered but hideous and decrepit old age.

To descend, however, or perhaps one ought to say to ascend, from allegory to fact: these trees (here called crosses) cost from fifty to a hundred francs apiece, according to their size, and each of them will produce in good years from fifty to a hundred bottles of wine. The wine is said to be much stronger and better than that grown on the dwarf vines, and it certainly is free from that earthy taste that generally spoils Swiss wine; in taste and strength it much resembles Chablais, and is pleasant enough in the hot summer weather.

The "crosses" are set near each other, and yet the soil is so prolific and the climate is so favorable to agriculture, that the vines trained on these "crosses" do not seem in the least to deteriorate or injure the crops of vegetables that are invariably grown in the field beneath them. The wine sells at about half a franc a bottle, and it may therefore be readily supposed, that among these thrifty people the possessor of even a few acres set with crosses is deemed a wealthy man.

Evian stands on the brink of the lake, but the promenade along its margin, although long promised, has not yet been made. The ruins of the old towers and old walls that encircle it are still to be seen; to these it has owed the misery of having sustained sieges and submitted to assaults, foreign occupations, and contributions without number. The details of the sufferings of the inhabitants after their abandonment by the French in the time of Henry IV are interesting and heartrending. The fortifications have con-

fined the town to one narrow and not very clean street, and one wide place. The town in itself, therefore, is not beautiful, but it would be difficult for me to do justice to the beauty of the inhabitants. The brilliancy of their complexion and the brightness of their eyes are a better testimonial to the purifying effects of the waters than the recommendations of the Paris doctors, who have of late years sent those of their patients for whom the waters of Vichy were too strong to frequent these baths.

In the principal street I often noticed a handsome old house with curiously mullioned windows; this house belonged to the family of the Gribaldi, and was built by an archbishop of that name on the ruins of an ancient convent. Inside are said to be preserved some portraits of the old Dukes of Savoy, and a magnificent old chimney-piece, surmounted by the arms* of the Gribaldi and their motto.†

The King of Sardinia was staying at Evian when Rousseau's "mamma," Madame de Warens, fleeing from her angry husband, threw herself on her knees before him, and implored his protection. Here too, at the feet of the Bishop of Berney, she abjured Protestantism, and declared herself a daughter of the Church of Rome. It may at first sight seem of little importance what creed so immoral a woman professed. But the influence of Rousseau's writings on the minds and feelings of the men who led the French Revolution is undeniable; they both prepared its way and infused their coloring into the events that followed; so that it might not without truth be said that Rousseau and Voltaire made the French Revolution, and one of these men, Rousseau, was what this gay, good-natured, restless, and scheming, but not utterly worthless, woman made him. His naturally stern and sombre

character was, as it were, veneered over with her gay contempt for the opinion of the world; his stern conscientiousness in most things yet remained the slave of his love for sensual pleasure; above all, her influence and example made him fail to see his own vices and sins in their true character. And yet the words in which he described her at their last interview, when they met, not far from here, at the frontier village of St. Gingolph, might have served to open his eyes to his own faults and their punishment, to the evil nature of his theories and their natural development: "*Mamma vieillissait et s'avilissait*;" and forcibly does this characterize her.

It is a difficult subject on which to write, but it is impossible not to see that the influence of this woman made Rousseau the contradiction he became. A worse man would have been less powerful for evil; it is from the good qualities which still remain in evil men that they derive the influence which enables them to lead others astray, and infect them with the poison of what is evil. If, after Rousseau's conversion to Catholicity in Turin, some right-minded consistent Christian lady had taken the houseless, wandering, friendless, forlorn boy home, had added to the slender *quête* collected for him during the service, what a hero might have been developed out of this enthusiast! If Madame de Warens, instead of accepting half the doctrines of the religion she embraced, had acted consistently, had shown the neglected boy whom she fostered the beauty of truth, the power of religion to reform the soul, instead of presenting before him a half conscious hypocrisy, that united the practice of the outward portion of her new faith with a secret belief in the most outrageous dogmas of her former religion, if she had not, by inculcating practices of vice, destroyed the soul of the wild lad whose body she fed, the charm of

* Or au sautoir ancré d'azur.

† Plus penser que dier, pour parvenir.

her good nature and the geniality of her kindliness of heart would have eradicated the worse parts of Rousseau's nature, and we should have escaped the life of one whose confessions form a warning against the substitution of the precepts of the subtlest philosophy man's brain ever invented for the authoritative laws of the Church. Alas for Rousseau! his experience at Turin made him think Catholics devoid of charity and love of the poor. His experience of Madame de Warens made him think that all professing Catholics who were kind-hearted and charitable were stained by sensuality and sin; so he took refuge in a philosophy of his own. To what degradation this led him his own writings bear witness.

The lofty tower of the church of Evian stands at the east end of the building, and the lower part forms the chancel. This appears to be a very sensible arrangement; for, by this means great height is gained for the chancel, and the symbolism of a Gothic church is not injured by the chancel being lower than the nave. As the roofs throughout are vaulted in stone, the disagreeable effect that a flat timber floor would give to the chancel is avoided. The churches of Thonon, Evian, and of the neighboring village of St. Paul, are of a very peculiar and massive architecture; heavy pillars, with low vaulted roofs and no clerestories, give a sombre but powerful ef-

fect. The poverty of the district has saved them from the pseudo-classical alterations with which the finest buildings abroad are so often disfigured.

The chief characteristics of this simple people are honesty, faithfulness, and truth; they are kind and hospitable too; careless how wantonly the traveller may trespass over their fields, with never-failing good will they point out the shortest road, and allow him to wander wherever he pleases.

A French author, after relating how weary he became of the incorruptibility of his father's man-servant, who was always sent out to walk with him, and could neither be persuaded nor bribed to let him indulge in any forbidden amusements, tells that one day after he was grown up he met him, and upbraided him with his insufferable watchfulness. "How could I help it?" he answered; "they were the orders of my master. After all, it was not my fault that I was born a Savoyard." So many virtues are attached to the name that it is strange it is so disdained; and yet it has become so associated with showers of white mice, organ-boys, and beggars with monkeys, that those great men who like de Sonnoy led the armies of their king, or like Costa de Beauregard supported the cause of their country in parliament, disdain the name of Savoyards, and call themselves Savoisiens.

SOCIAL TYRANNIES.

WE are a free people, say the wise men of our nation; that is incontestable. The fact is stated in public speeches, vociferated at elections and political squabbles, shrieked, roared, or thundered forth in songs. There is something in the soul, we fondly say to ourselves and to our neighbors, that revolts instinctively and at once from all fetters, all restraints. We must be free, or die. Liberty of the press, of opinion political and religious, of action and speech, is to us as the very air we breathe.

And yet, bluster as we will, we all cower more or less beneath the lash of a tyrant that rules us; ay, free people, liberty-loving, slavery-defying nation as we are. Bear to hear the truth; let us lay it to our hearts, we are *fashion-ridden*. In this year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy-seven, we are coerced, made to do that which we would rather not do, and obliged *not* to do all sorts of things we would like very much indeed. Why? Because fashion, *alias* custom, which is the propriety and inexorable moral must of the hour, says, Thou shalt, or Thou shalt not.

The case, though hard, is not, however, peculiar to this century. Our great grandfathers and grandmothers walked in desperate awe under the same dominion. Mistress Barbara, in the year 17—, in her hoop, and with her turret of powdered hair perilously balanced on her anxious head, was, be very sure, to the full as uncomfortable as her descendant, Miss Julia, fluttering in flounces disposed over vast breadths of crinoline, and with miniature sofa-cushions stuffed under the bands of her soft hair. There may be some consolation in the knowledge that our ancestors were no wiser than we. If we have not improved, it seems at least we have not retrograded.

Nay, there may even be further cause of congratulation in the fact, that though *we* have not grown better, our master has, in some respects. The slavery is the same, but the driver has progressed, it appears, in civilization, in sense and refinement. Fifty years ago, he insisted on all the gentlemen at a dinner-party becoming intoxicated, under the penalty of being laughed at, scouted, and abused. He would have it, that a hasty word, uttered by one man to another, and capable of being construed into a meaning offensive or slighting, was a prelude only susceptible of the one conclusion, a duel. He ordained that a man must be ready, on such occasions, to stand up to kill or be killed, with a chance of both results ensuing, unless he would be deemed a coward, unless he were content to be disgraced for life in the eyes of his peers.

We are a little better than that now. No man need be a drunkard or a murderer in order to maintain his footing in society. But let us not be too exultant. It is, we emphatically repeat, custom, the master, who has changed, not we, his servants. Our obedience is as implicit, our fear as reverent, as ever.

It is *his* mandate, for example, which, bearing specially hard upon women, compels them to many a tedious, profitless formula of giving and receiving "morning calls." Who invented morning calls? And who, ay, *who*, with the courage of a Joan of Arc, and the wit of a De Staël, will arise to abolish them? What good groweth out of them? To what end do they lead? Wherefore should they not be struck out of the statute-book of social life? Who can answer these questions? Who, indeed, does not well know that the system is one that everybody would gladly do away with, but for the fear

of offending the dread potentate before named. For it is not your friend, or the person who would fain become your friend, with whom you bandy the sledge-hammer courtesies of "calls." It is they for whom you cherish comparative indifference, with whom you never would, could, or should by any probable concatenation of circumstances become intimate; it is with these you persist in keeping up the traditional ceremonies of morning visits. Why do you do it? You complain bitterly of the time it wastes, the difficulty with which you contrive to achieve the work, the "stupidity" of the said work while being done, and the dissatisfaction of looking back on it afterwards. Also, you more than suspect your partner in the form, the *callee*, so to speak, derives as little pleasure or contentment from its performance as yourself; but, for all that, of course you go on as before. You will go out to-morrow, on a visiting expedition, with a plentifully stocked card-case, which, by a curious paradox, you fervently hope will be useful on the occasion. "I made a round of calls to-day. Most fortunately I found so many people out, I had only to leave a card at most of the places." Have you never heard, or even yourself made, a simple speech like that, reader? For it is not the people you wish to see whom you thus visit. Your friends you seek on a very different principle, as a pleasant indulgence, not as a formal duty. Duty! To whom? Ay, there it is, custom.

The same tyranny also keeps with us in our own homes. It dictates the hospitalities we shall afford, the parties we shall give, the manner in which they shall be given, and the several individuals the pleasure of whose company we shall request, on satin note-paper, or superfine cards, as the case may be. The A——s are to be invited, though they are not amusing, nor handsome, nor particularly attractive in any way, but

they asked *you* to a party at their house, and you must return the compliment. Custom requires it. Though you don't care to go to their house, nor to see them in your own—and though, very likely, *they* don't care either—you must fashion your link of the chain of inevitable necessity—invite, because you were invited—accept, because they accepted. They do likewise, and a pleasing stratum in society is thus formed of people who mutually annoy and are annoyed, guests who are profoundly indifferent to their hosts, who, however generous and kindly disposed, can but feel serene satisfaction and contentment in the departure of their guests.

Thus the game of cross-purposes goes on, and the family of Robinson soliloquize in one street to this effect: "Tiresome party. Sure to be stupid and dull. To dress and go out this wet night to the Browns, of all people!"

While the Browns, in a neighboring square, are musing: "Well, one comfort is, it will soon be over. The Robinsons can't stay, and an evening party can't last forever!"

It is this system—for which thank our inexorable tyrant—which half fills our parlors with that set of uninterested, uninteresting persons, male and female, who may be observed at every reunion, clinging to sofa corners and back drawing-rooms, examining albums and prints with yawning perseverance. The same people, among their own people, are lively, conversable, and at ease, very likely. But the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea never could consort together, let them not attempt it.

To go further—but, alas! there is no need to go far in our search for examples of our bondage—the tyranny coils round us in our dress, flavors our meals, interferes with our amusements. It is everywhere.

Why do the gentlemen of this present age continue to wear that

eyesore of costume, the modern *hat*? Stiff, black, and grim, it still frowns on us in defiance of all taste and comfort. It fears no rival, though enterprising spirits have dared to bring forward supplanters before this. But no! It feels strong, no doubt, that it will not be deposed, even for the most graceful, comfortable, and suitable head-covering ingenuity could invent. It has the *master* on its side, and the cause is safe.

It is the same with bonnets. The modern bonnet affords no warmth in winter, no shade in summer; it is an awkward and unnatural object, perched on the top or at the back of a woman's head; it is expensive and frail; it crushes and spoils on the slightest provocation; it is not so becoming, so graceful, or so useful as either hat or hood.

But women have some courage. The crusade of the wide-brimmed hats has been waged with much bravery, and a little success. In spite of the little boys' interjections, in spite of covert sneers and open jestings, the number of hat wearers is on the increase. Common sense has arisen in this direction at least, and even custom, the puissant, finds him no mean antagonist. A scorched skin, blinded eyes, discomfort unutterable, were heavy penalties to pay. A partial emancipation of the slaves has taken place ever since the first heroic hoisting of the hat. The select band who originally dared and defied the choral shout of "Who's your hatter?" assuredly deserves everlasting gratitude at the hands of their sisters.

There is no time nor space now to enter further into our injuries. The story of the wrongs inflicted by the tyrant we discuss, is far too long to be detailed here; yet, were their tongues not held silent by fear, how many voices might arise, each to tell its own grievance? How many have lost opportunities of improvement by travel, for example, only because custom decrees that persons of a cer-

tain position must only travel in a certain manner and style? So they stay at home and remain grand and ignorant, because they can't afford travelling *en prince*, as our foreign neighbors call it. In the same way, how many families do we know who, loving music, go only twice a year to the opera, because they never go except to the reserved seats. They could never think of going otherwise, though they might hear six concerts for the price of one. Impossible! to go in with the general crowd. It would be grossly inconsistent with their position—out of all rule—a flagrant breach of custom. And who can have a word to say after *that*!

Let us be humbly thankful, we who are not compelled to bow down before that artificial custom yept appearances—we, who may dare to wear a last season's dress or mantle—we who may ride in omnibuses and street cars, and would not hesitate, if we wished to see a good play or a great actor, to go to the dress-circle rather than either not go at all or spend more than we can afford on the gratification—we who do not give dinner-parties, but can ask our friends to dinner upon occasion without hiring plate and the green-grocer to wait at table—we who can manage to live and be well and happy in the country during the "season," and in or near home, when "everybody is out of town"—we who—

But it is time to stop. Be not so exultant, we are none of us free. We all bend beneath the iron rule in some form or another.

Who among us does not recognize the majesty of this many-sided, many-named deity? For whether we call it fashion, custom, system, habit, regard for appearances, or what you will, we all know it and smart under its restraints some time or another. And though it is righteous and wholesome to submit to a just and reasonable rule, it is but cowardly to

follow in the wake of the world's procession, offering a senseless homage to a senseless routine; therefore,

let us, as soon as may be, educate ourselves and our children to ride free of Social Tyrannies.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THAT there is no real contest between the Catholic Church and the principles of freedom, human rights, and popular government, need not be proved to the intelligent Catholic. That there is an attempt made to create such a contest, or rather that such a contest is supposed to exist, is equally well known.

It is the constant endeavor of the supporters of monarchy in Europe to secure for their cause the powerful influence of the Catholic Church. In France, the cause of monarchy was identified with the Catholic Church from the time of Louis XIV. to the period of the French Revolution, and in fact to the reign of Napoleon III., a Catholic and a royalist were almost identical—a Catholic republican was an unknown product.

In Spain, even at the present day, it is the aim of the Carlists to make allegiance to Don Carlos a proof of the sincerity of a Spaniard's Catholicity.

In England, during the civil wars, Catholics were to be found on the side of the king; few, none in fact, on the side of the Parliament. Even under the Georges, I., II., and III., the English Catholics were second to none in their slavish loyalty to those dull, bigoted, and stupid monarchs.

And yet what has the Catholic Church gained by its royal supporters? Of what advantage has it been to religion that it has been dragged into the mire of royal intrigue and kingly scandals? In England, what a king, Henry II., endeavored to bring about in the twelfth century, viz., a schism, another king, Henry VIII., successfully accomplished.

The excesses of Queen Mary ruined the Catholic Church in England, and the follies of James II., completed the work of destruction.

The two worst enemies of the Church in England, the two sovereigns who caused it the most damage, were Queen Mary and James II. The Catholic religion could not have been overthrown in England but for these two royal supporters of the faith.

Turn to France. The Bourbon monarchs in France made the Gallican Church the

tool of the state, and fostered the Gallican schismatical doctrines, and it was not until they were dethroned that the Church in France was really free.

Consequently Catholicity has nothing to fear from the efforts of the French politicians, and whether MacMahon succeeds or not the Church is sure in the old land of St. Louis.

It used to be considered that the American House of Representatives and the French Legislative Chambers were the scene of disgraceful outbreaks of insolence and bad temper. But the British House of Commons has beaten them. During the debate on obstruction, a Mr. Green endeavored to hit hard at the Irish members. He said "pigs could obstruct." Mr. O'Conner Power used the word hypocritical. On being called to order he said he meant hypercritical, to which softening the rowdy element in the House answered "shabby." At the demand of Mr. Parnell, the chairman called the "shabby" creature to order, but his name did not transpire. At this point the chairman himself began to lose his senses. By name he called Mr. O'Donnell to order, at which there was a guffaw. Then the chairman joined the violent faction on the Conservative benches, for he began to chaff Mr. O'Donnell. Dungarvan's member went on speaking, or trying to make himself heard, in a deafening din of screams, hisses, catcalls, and uproar. Mr. Parnell heard a member say in reference to the opposition to Mr. O'Donnell, "Let us see how much he will stand." After this observation the bedlamites on the government benches became furious in their interruptions. They were disgusting. One of them was heard to make the noise of one vomiting! For a long time this disgraceful conduct continued, several motions, known as "obstructive" by the government crowd, having been moved, and, of course, lost.

NEW churches and convents are always springing up. Within the last few weeks we notice that there has been built at Ellmore's

Corner, N. Y., a church under the patronage of the Immaculate Conception, which was solemnly dedicated on the 29th of July by Very Rev. William Quinn, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of New York. The pastor of this church, Rev. Father Brady, has within the short space of two years and a half built two new churches and a presbytery, and has also managed to renovate a third church. In Florence, N. J., a church was dedicated by Right Rev. Dr. Corrigan, Bishop of Newark, N. J. A Gothic church has just been finished in Bridgeport Conn.; it cost \$84,000. On the 12th of August, the new Church of St. Columbkille, in Chicago, was dedicated by Right Rev. Bishop Foley, Right Rev. Bishop Spalding preaching a very eloquent sermon on the occasion. The corner-stone of a grand new church for the German congregation in Schenectady, N. Y., was laid on the same day, and the building of a new convent dedicated to St. Rose of Lima was begun on the 22d of July in San Francisco, Cal. The ceremonies of laying the corner-stone of this institution were presided over by Most Rev. Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco. Whilst the number of Protestant churches is daily decreasing, that of Catholic churches is steadily increasing, thanks to the devotion of the faithful and the praiseworthy zeal of their pastors. It would be interesting to know how many of our churches were once Protestant meeting-houses.

THE following facts ought to be kept in remembrance by every Catholic who wishes to have a clear idea of what Pope Pius IX has done:

No Pope for ages was elected in so short a time (48 hours) as Pius IX. No Pope has published so many jubilee indulgences as Pius IX. No Pope has witnessed so many magnificent festivities in Rome as Pius IX. No Pope has so often seen gathered about him the bishops of the whole world (1854-62-67-69-70). No Pope has beautified and canonized so many holy souls as Pius IX. No Pope has done so much to increase devotion to Our Lady and St. Joseph as Pius IX. No Pope has erected or re-established as many ecclesiastical provinces or bishoprics as Pius IX. No Pope has so advanced the propagation of the faith among the heathen as Pius IX. No Pope for three hundred years has summoned a General Council except Pius IX; and no Pope in the same period has laid down so many important definitions of faith—the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of God, Syllabus, Infallibility of the Pope. No Pope, among the two hundred and fifty-six successors of St. Peter, has reached the years of St. Peter; Pius IX has, by God's grace, on the 16th of June,

surpassed them by six years. No Pope has celebrated priestly jubilee with such pomp as Pius IX (1867). No Pope except Benedict XIII, has celebrated the fiftieth year of his Episcopal consecration. No Pope has celebrated a jubilee with such a marvellous proof of attachment from the whole world as Pius IX. No Pope has suffered such tribulations as Pius IX. (*Crux de Cruce*—Cross of the Cross.)

THE terrible riots of strikers that have disturbed the Middle and Western States during the past month, and which have caused such destruction of property and even of life, are only symptoms of something wrong in the body politic.

In a country such as this, labor should always be able to command a just reward.

It is only in countries where all the land is in possession of a few, that labor need be the slave of capital.

Dirt has been defined to be "matter in the wrong place," and a superfluity of labor in Pennsylvania or New York only shows that the laborers are in the wrong place. When ten men, who only possess their muscles and an ordinary degree of skill, are after one job, the superfluous nine must go elsewhere. This is as plain as that two and two make four, and cannot be altered by all the riots, and strikers, and arguments, and logic that can be devised. It is in consequence of this fact that emigration to the fertile lands of the West is the true remedy for the superabundance of labor in the East.

THE London *Times* has something to say of the Orange riots in Montreal. It remarks: "The city of Montreal is as keenly devoted to the Church of Rome as Dublin, or Cologne, or Lucerne. It is not only in form, but in fact, the capital of French Canada, the colony which even now preserves much of the spirit and many of the traditions of the *ancient regime*. But in addition to its French-speaking Catholic inhabitants, who, whether Clerical Conservatives or semi-Republican *Rouges*, equally detest and distrust the fanatical Protestantism of the Orange party, Montreal contains a formidable proportion of Irish immigrants."

It strongly condemns the Orangemen as follows: "The Orangemen of Canada are reproducing in the full light of modern day the most discreditable episodes of the Ascendancy period in Irish history. They have the less excuse because Orange intolerance had in Ireland a historic root and a natural growth, while in Canada it is an imported plant, nurtured by a calculating bigotry, and propagated by the labors of a misdirected zeal."

WHAT can be more wicked and foolish than to try to make out the rioters to be Catholics and Irishmen, more than any other nationality. Yet the *Independent* and the *New York Times*, not to speak of other papers, have charged that most of the rioters in the late disturbances were Catholics. The *Catholic Review*, of Brooklyn, telegraphed to Bishop Tuigg, of Pittsburg, for his opinion, and received in reply this statement: "I do not believe that more than five per centum were Catholics." We see by the *St. Louis* papers that not one of the local International leaders who are now in jail in that city is an Irishman or a Catholic. There names are: P. A. Lofgreen, Albert Currin, J. E. Cope, Fischer, and Dr. Emo Allen. It is true that some men with Irish Catholic names were arrested, but they were foolish followers of rascally leaders, and were soon discharged from custody. Communism is a plant that cannot grow on Irish soil. The Irish character, so generous, patient, and Catholic, cannot accept communistic principles.

THE war steadily increases in savagery and diabolism. It is rapidly becoming a war in which quarter is neither asked nor given. If it rages much longer in Bulgaria, the whole country north of the Balkans will become a desert, and the inhabitants will be extirpated. Turks and Russians are fighting like tigers, and human blood flows as profusely as water. It is evident that before Russia can clear Bulgaria of the Turks she will have to put forth her whole strength and all her means. What has become of that irresistible power whose soldiers and whose diplomats were not only going to eat up Turkey for breakfast, but which could gobble up England, too, whose "puny" army it was asserted could stand no chance against Russia's mighty hosts!

The war has lasted four months, and has brought with it untold horrors and suffering. If it continues much longer; if it should extend into another campaign, God help the poor people of the desolated provinces. And yet Russia will hardly acknowledge being beaten by the Turks, and the Turks will not ask for peace while they are flushed with victory.

ON Monday, September 3d, a famous French statesman passed away, M. Adolphe Thiers, aged 80. He was born in 1797. He first came into notice by his *History of the French Revolution*, in 1823. He was on the liberal side in French politics, under Charles X., and after the revolution of 1830, which cost that monarch his throne, he filled many high offices of state, under Louis Philippe (A.D. 1830-1848), being twice Prime Minister. He was driven into

exile by Napoleon's *coup d'état*, in 1851, but returned and became a deputy. He strongly opposed the Franco-German war of 1870, and on the occasion of its first disasters went on a diplomatic mission to England, Russia, Austria and Italy. In August, 1871, he was elected President of the French Republic, made peace with Germany, and governed France with some sagacity, paying \$1,000,000,000 in gold, as agreed upon, before his time expired. On May 16th, 1873, he resigned, and Marshal MacMahon was elected President for seven years.

SEVERAL times in these Notes in the *Record* we have explained why it is that the Catholics, who are a majority in Italy, do not take the control of affairs. We see the *Dublin Nation* confirms our views.

"It is asserted by many who know Italy well, that the war there waged against the Holy See is not the work of the great bulk of the Italian people, but of the revolutionary faction which for the moment holds the reins of power. The result of the municipal elections just held in several large Italian centres confirm this view. In Civita Vecchia, in Florence, and in Albano, the victory of the Catholics has been complete. In the first mentioned town, the Syndic chosen is a gentleman who, on the 16th of September, 1870, made himself unusually prominent in protesting against the entry of Victor Emmanuel's troops. We knew that the revolution which troubled the country must sooner or later cease to be. It now appears likely that that desirable consummation will take place sooner rather than later."

CARDINAL SIMEONI states that the offerings in money made to his Holiness in honor of his Jubilee, amounted to £660,000. Of this sum about £360,000 was in gold, and the rest in notes and cheques. One-third of £660,000 will be lodged in the exchequer of the Vatican; another third will be invested for the benefit of servants, soldiers, and others, now or formerly in the service of the Pope, who have remained faithful; the other third is devoted to the restoration of memorial churches, and other works of the kind. The balance (£60,000), will be given to charitable institutions, hospitals, and to a fund for the assistance of priests, monks, nuns, and poor parishes. The articles which were shown in the Vatican Exhibition have already been disposed of.

WE observe that the Catholic emigration and colonization efforts are beginning to attract general attention. A dispatch from Raleigh, N. C., to a New York daily, says:

"A lively interest is felt here in the coming Roman Catholic immigration from Philadelphia, Boston, and other points. One colony has purchased 30,000 acres of land in Henderson County, the mountain region, where the soil is rich, and the people honest and free. Agents are looking for more land. The Catholic colonies will be novelties in the western section. Catholics are few and scattered there, and churches, and schools, and factories will be erected where they have never been seen before. Henderson County is about forty miles from South Carolina, and about seventy from the Tennessee line. The labor of the whites who emigrate here will be appreciated. The colored population in the western counties is not one-third so large as in the cotton region."

ON the 7th of July, 1877, St. Francis De Sales, Bishop of Geneva, was declared Doctor of the Church, a distinction which only belongs to a very few of the innumerable array of learned authors and able teachers who have adorned the annals of the Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church. St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Alphonsus Liguori, and others, shine in this cluster of stars of the first magnitude.

St. Francis De Sales, Bishop of Geneva, may be called the doctor of sweetness and charity, for he was a most shining example of these virtues, and his works, read with the proper disposition, will bring forth these fruits abundantly.

THE movement on behalf of the Gregorian chant appears to spread slowly yet none the less surely. The fourth annual Convention has just been held in Rochester, of the St. Cecilia Society, and was favored by the presence of Bishop McQuaid and many distinguished ecclesiastics.

The Society of St. Gregory has been formed in New York for the purpose of promoting the same object.

With this month also the choir of the Cathedral of Baltimore will commence the rendition of the Chants under the direction of Professor Hurley, late of St. Paul's, New York.

THE Richmond Convention of the Irish Catholic Benevolent Union, which will be held on Wednesday, the 19th of this month, will be addressed by Rt. Rev. Bishop Gibbons. Rt. Rev. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Minnesota, will also deliver a discourse; and his approval and encouragement of the colonization work of the Union will be given. He will speak for himself and for Bishops Hennesy, of Dubuque, O'Connor, of Omaha, and Spalding, of Peoria. Governor Kemper

will attend. Mayor Carrington will tender the hospitalities of the city, and President Keiley will greet the delegates more eloquently than ever before.

IN China there has been a terrible famine, and as the government can do nothing the people die in thousands.

In British India, there is also a famine, which has already cost the government \$40,000,000, and is costing them now \$25,000,000 a month.

This contrast reflects honor upon the English government, and suggests the thought that similar abundant relief sooner extended to Ireland in the dark famine years, would have done much to foster Irish "loyalty."

REV. J. B. COTTER, of Winona, Minn., was elected President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America at the convention in Buffalo this month. Indianapolis was chosen as the place for the next annual convention, which will be on the last Wednesday in August, 1878. The members had an excursion to Niagara Falls.

Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, delivered a most admirable address to the delegates in this convention.

THE Colonization movement progresses. Good accounts are received of the Brehony colony in Texas. The Philadelphia colony in North Carolina has commenced operations. The Rev. T. A. Butler, of St. Louis, is extensively exerting himself in the matter, and both Bishop Ireland's colony in Minnesota, and O'Neill's colony in Nebraska, are progressing. Speed the good work, and remove the superfluous workers out of the crowded cities and away to the smiling country.

A LATE centennial celebration reminds us of what the Church did for education in the middle ages. The University of Tubingen, in Germany, was founded in 1477, by Count Eberhard, and has just celebrated its fourth centennial. Schiller, Kepler, Hegel, and Melancthon, have been among its students, for alas! though founded by Catholics, it fell into Protestant hands, and is now in the possession of German infidels. Uhland was also one of the students of Tubingen.

THE latest accounts from the seat of war in Europe report that the Russian attack on Lovatz, the extreme right of the position held by Osman Pacha, whose headquarters are at Plevna, took place on September 3d, and resulted in a success; one thousand Russians being killed and wounded.

THE O'GORMAN MAHON, who stood for Clare County, on the National Platform, was defeated by Sir Bryan O'Loughlen. Clare has only followed the example of Tipperary, which chose a Home Ruler, in the person of Sir John Gray, instead of Mr. Casey, a Repealer.

The Home Rule party, therefore, evidently still possesses a hold in Ireland, notwithstanding its shortcomings.

At this particular crisis in Irish politics, the following sketch of the rise of the Home Rule party may be of interest. It is from the pen of Mr. Cowan, M.P., from Newcastle:

"The Home Rule organization is the direct outcome of the Fenian movement. The Irishmen some ten or fifteen years ago looked to America for help, just as their fathers a century ago looked to France. The rising that was attempted after the conclusion of the civil war in America, as we all know, failed, but shortly after great efforts were made to secure the release of the men in prison. Amnesty meetings were held in all parts of the country, and a very strong expression of opinion was made in favor of the liberation of the leaders. The Fenian Society had not a large number of affiliated members, but there was an extended sympathy for it in the south and west of Ireland, and these amnesty meetings afforded an opportunity for the expression of this feeling. From the committees that were organized for the purpose of securing the amnesty, the movement for Home Rule sprang. Irishmen saw that physical resistance to the English government was not only utterly useless, but little short of madness, and they resolved to make another effort at constitutional agitation. Mr. Butt, who had been largely engaged in defending the Fenian prisoners,

used his influence to foster and encourage this new movement. A society was formed, the programme of Home Rule was agreed to, and the Fenians accepted it, not because it was what they wanted, but because, under the circumstances, it was the nearest approach to their views that could be obtained. The movement took shape and form at a conference held in 1873 in Dublin. Shortly afterwards a general election took place, and with a view of demonstrating how wide the Nationalistic element exists in Ireland, out of one hundred Irish members, fifty-eight were pledged to the Home Rule programme."

The writer goes on to show how Mr. Butt introduced bills to reform the Land Laws and to settle the educational question, as well as many other measures for the redress of Irish grievances, but they have all been rejected.

THE *very* latest news from the East shows that Nicolics (attempts to revictual which have rendered it famous) has at last surrendered to the Montenegrins, and that the Russians took Plevna on September 9th, after "enormous losses." The army of the Grand Duke Nicholas, which has succeeded in this attempt, costs \$3,500,000 a day; an "enormous" expense.

BISHOP RAPPE is dead. He expired on September 8th, in Vermont. He was the first Bishop of Cleveland, Ohio. He was consecrated in 1847, and resigned in 1870, being succeeded by Bishop Gilmour, the present occupant of the See.

It is estimated that the Irish people in America, from 1848 to 1876, sent \$100,000,000 home to the old country, either to bring their friends and relatives to America, or to aid the "old folks" in Ireland.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OUR FAITH, THE VICTORY; A Comprehensive View of the Principal Doctrines of the Christian Religion. By Right Rev. John McGill, D.D., Bishop of Richmond. Third edition. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. 1877.

The present age is intensely materialistic. The tendency of its thought, accordingly, is to concentrate attention as far as practicable entirely on what surrounds it in time and sense, and put out of view the future world.

Yet while all, or nearly all, its investigations, speculations, and trains of thought are thus directed only to matters which directly concern this life, it is impossible to shut entirely out of the mind questions respecting the more momentous realities of the world to come. However man's attention be fixed upon merely external things, the thought of annihilation is foreign to his nature, and the desire to live and be happy forever is unquenchable. His own life, too, even when his view of it is confined and limited merely

to earthly existence, presents a thousand mysteries which he is absolutely incapable of solving. * The patent incompleteness of mere earthly existence under every form, its vanity and unsatisfactoriness under its more favorable aspects, the suffering under countless forms and circumstances connected with it, the impossibility of escaping from this suffering, the invincible necessity of death, the universal, irrepressible desire for, and hope of, immortality—all these thoughts and convictions will force themselves at times, and with more or less clearness and power, upon the attention of even the most careless and thoughtless of persons. And when they secure attention, they are universally found to be mysteries upon which reason throws but a faint and glimmering light, and which must forever remain irresolvable without the aid of revelation.

At all times the need of supernatural assistance in solving these mysteries has been felt by men. The ancient philosophers pushed their inquiries into them as far as it was possible for unaided human reason to go. The conclusion they arrived at was, that it was useless to search or speculate respecting them; that they could arrive at no clear and certain knowledge of them, unless "the gods" would send some one to teach them. And those who live amidst the light of divine revelation are compelled—if they look rightly at existing facts, and at the failures, constant failures, of men to reach certain conclusions as regards the truths contained in revelation—to admit that now, as in all times past, a divinely authorized teacher of those truths is needed.

These thoughts, as we gather from his preface, were in the mind of the learned and able author of the work before us—the supreme importance of the education of mankind in regard to the realities of the future world, the relation of all persons to those realities, and their duties growing out of this relation as taught by the divinely appointed and directed teacher, the Church. "A knowledge of what the Church teaches is, therefore," says the Right Reverend author, "of supreme importance to all men. Her teaching is the proposition of the doctrines of Jesus Christ, and her life is the Christian religion in action. To exhibit a statement of the principal doctrines of the Christian religion is the chief aim of the present volume. . . . Many who have come into life to receive immediately the blessing of the true faith by baptism, being born of Catholic parents, and having the opportunity to be instructed, lose the victory (of their faith) because of their ignorance of the principles and reasons of their faith. They neglect to study the motives of credibility, to learn exactly what the Church has defined, to ascertain upon what grounds and proofs she rests her teaching,

and when their faith is misrepresented and denounced as absurd, they know not what to reply, become ashamed of what should be their glory, and therefore they fall away in time of temptation."

These statements, the truth of which is incontrovertible, and to whose force it is impossible for us to add anything, show the need of such a work as the Right Reverend author set himself to perform in the book before us. To say that the work is able and well calculated to fulfil the purposes had in view in preparing and publishing it, is simply to repeat the judgment already passed upon it by eminent Catholic prelates and theologians, as well as by the Catholic public generally. It is clear and comprehensive, and exhibits as fully as the compass of a moderate-sized volume permits, the leading doctrines of the Church. Its circulation among the Catholic laity, and its careful perusal by them, cannot but effect much good in leading them to an intelligent comprehension of truths which they already believe, but may not, perhaps, clearly and fully understand.

A LIFE OF PIUS IX DOWN TO THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE OF 1877. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly. Second edition. New York: P. F. Collier, Publisher, 38 Park Place. 1877.

This work is the fruit of long-continued reading and careful study. The first three hundred pages are occupied with the life of Pius IX during his youth, and from his ordination to the priesthood to the close of the fourth year of his supreme Pontificate. The latter two hundred pages are devoted to an account of the acts and events connected with his administration as Sovereign Pontiff from 1850 to the Episcopal Jubilee in 1877. We regret that Father O'Reilly did not devote more space to this latter portion of the life of our gloriously reigning Pontiff, the events occurring in the period of time designated are so numerous, so far-reaching in their results, and of such momentous importance. We cannot, however, but feel that, of the two courses before him, in order to confine his work within the limits of a single volume, he has decided judiciously in dwelling at greater length upon the earlier portion of the life of Pope Pius IX, and sketching in a more condensed way the events crowded into the latter period. That the latter is nearer to us, renders it more difficult to depict accurately, and it may be safely left to a future time to delineate in fuller detail.

The work is well written, portions of it eloquently so, and cannot fail to prove interesting to all who wish to make themselves acquainted with either the private life or official acts of one who is at once the greatest personage of modern times and the visible head of Christ's Church on earth.

